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THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The principal aim and object of this Society is to form the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour. The subsidiary objects are: The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and the demonstration of the importance of such study; and the investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.

The THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY *is the official organ of the original Theosophical Society founded in New York by H. P. Blavatsky, W. Q. Judge and others, in 1875.*

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EDITORS, THE THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

JANUARY, 1932

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

Science and Theosophy

MODERN scientific theories are becoming very like a once famous brand of candies, "fresh every hour". Each meeting of our learned societies brings forth a new baking; and the discovery or hypothesis that was acclaimed last year is made to seem quite old-fashioned and untenable to-day. Perhaps we need not take too seriously doctrines which are so patently transitional and destined for so short a life; but the fact that so many scientific concepts are having to be revised, and that so much, which popular thought had considered permanently fixed, is now in flux, is a distinctly interesting sign of the times,—the more so, to students of Theosophy, in that both the direction of the changes and what appears to be their underlying cause, seem so often to point to theosophic doctrines. It reminds us that "nothing is settled until it is settled right".

To look first to the realm of physics—where the most sensational theories have held favour—Dr. Einstein has changed his mind about the "unified field theory", which he promulgated a year or so ago as explaining the laws of electricity, magnetism and gravitation through the mathematical formulæ of a four-dimensional geometry, such as serves for the basis of his general relativity theory. He now thinks this unified theory unsatisfactory, and proposes in its place a geometry of five dimensions, though he holds that the fifth dimension is "fictional", necessary for the development of the theory, but not involved in the actual phenomena. It may well seem to students of Theosophy, who have learned to think in terms of the septenary division of Being, that Dr. Einstein is here moving toward a sounder philosophic position than he has occupied in the past, though he has not yet gone far enough. For if natural phenomena are to be explained on a purely geometric basis, either seven or ten dimensions should be necessary for any complete theory, though three of them would be constant,

and so not directly active, in the equations governing the material forces of the lower quaternary. This postulating of additional dimensions for the theory, only to hold them inoperative in the practical application, seems to Dr. Einstein a blemish upon the procedure to which he has now been forced, so that he accepted it only with reluctance and after he had become convinced that a purely four dimensional scheme, such as he had at first conceived, could not meet all the requirements. That which most commends his newest theory to us, seems therefore to him its chief objection, though he has other grounds, also, for dissatisfaction. As he puts it: "Electro-magnetism has just been dragged in, and it has not been made to feel at home. It is hard to regard that as unified". It is clear that he has not yet found what is sought, and that the chief significance of his latest hypotheses lies in the broadening of the field of search.

Quantum Mechanics and the Astral Light

When we begin to deal with the constitution of the atom, and the forces acting within it, it is hard to know whether the phenomena are astral or physical, and there is a whole region of modern physics which seems actually to be dealing with a state of emergence from one plane to the other. In the light of Theosophy this explains much that is otherwise difficult of comprehension in the relation of the new "quantum mechanics", developed from the investigation of atomic phenomena, to the previously accepted laws of theoretical physics, formulated from experiments with larger masses. Dr. Dirac, one of the foremost exponents of the quantum theory, sets forth the difference in a very suggestive way. "The classical tradition", he writes, "has been to consider the world to be an association of observable objects (particles, fluids, fields, etc.) moving about according to definite laws of force, so that one could form a mental picture in space and time of the whole scheme. This led to a physics whose aim was to make assumptions about the mechanism and forces connecting these observable objects, to account for their behaviour in the simplest possible way. It has become increasingly evident in recent times, however, that nature works on a different plan. *Her fundamental laws do not govern the world as it appears in our mental picture in any very direct way, but instead they control a substratum* of which we cannot form a mental picture without introducing irrelevancies".

The italics are ours, for we wish to emphasize that Dr. Dirac is saying in his own way, and without knowing that he is saying it, exactly what Madame Blavatsky said some fifty years ago, and which theosophical teaching has constantly repeated. The visible physical world is a world of effects, not of causes. It rests upon the astral light, which underlies it at every point, and its apparent forces are no more than the resultants of the astral forces, nature working always outward from within. Science, pushing its investigations into finer and finer forms of matter, into the nature of light, the constitution of the atom, radio-activity and photo-electric phenomena, has reached a borderland where it has been forced to recognize that the physical laws, valid for grosser matter, are no longer valid and cannot explain the experimentally established facts, which can be reconciled only as the effect, or intrusion into the physical, of some-

thing lying beneath the physical,—the uncharted "substratum" of which Dr. Dirac writes, the "astral" of Theosophy.

When we look at it from this point of view, it is little wonder that modern physics is in a state of flux, and that theory succeeds theory in the effort to deal with the mass of newly discovered and highly paradoxical material. H. P. B.'s prophecy may be closer to fulfilment than has been supposed; and science may to-day be drawing near to the rediscovery and interpretation of the subtiler forces of the astral plane at which it so scoffed a generation ago. Quantum mechanics bears, in fact, much the same relation to theoretical physics and chemistry that the doctrine of the sub- and super-conscious bears to psychology, physiology and therapeutics. Each is concerned with causes operating on a different plane from that which manifests their effects.

This is, however, scarcely the simile that the ordinary physicist would use. A better illustration from his point of view might be drawn by likening the laws of classical physics to the laws which we deduce from life-insurance tables or medical statistics. They are true enough so long as we are dealing only with men in the mass; and applied to the population of a whole country they may have such significance as to cause alarm or rejoicing. But they are never causal in themselves, and if we attempt to apply them to a single individual or family, they become utterly meaningless or definitely misleading. The quantum is the single individual; his health is in his own hands, dependent upon the realities of his habit and hygiene; and he is a most disturbing person to an intellect that has dealt only with averages and has come to think of statistics as causing the conditions they record.

A Pulsating versus a Dying Universe

Perhaps, while we are on the subject of physics, it may be interesting to note that on the same day, November 18th, that Dr. Einstein was explaining his new hypotheses to an audience in Berlin, a meeting of the National Academy of Sciences was held at Yale, before which Dr. Tolman, of the California Institute of Technology, made a very effective answer to the arguments of those who, like Jeans and Eddington, would persuade us that the universe is inevitably running down to a dead, frozen level. Dr. Tolman presented mathematical models of a universe that would behave much better—indeed quite theosophically—for it would expand and contract endlessly in cycles, corresponding to the outbreathing and inbreathing, the manvantara and pralaya of Theosophy. Dr. Tolman points out that if relativity theory is to be adopted, the second law of thermodynamics can fare no better than the rest of physics, and is by no means as sacred and immutable as has been supposed. It will be remembered that Professor Millikan insists that so far from the universe running down, there is excellent evidence that it is being constantly created anew—that being the only satisfactory explanation of the behaviour of the "cosmic rays" which he discovered some years ago and has since studied with much care. When the experts so differ, we can make our own choice; even Theosophy has here become orthodox.

A Conference on Biological Cycles

That all life and all things—since all that is has life—are subject to the law of cycles, was one of H. P. B.'s most insistent points and lies close to the foundations of theosophic thought. It is interesting to learn, therefore, of a scientific conference, held last summer, for the purpose of studying biological cycles. Some thirty scientists and Canadian officials were invited by Mr. Copley Amory, of Boston, to meet at his summer home on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, to see if light could be gained as to the reasons which made fish and game plentiful in one year and scarce in another, and whether there was trustworthy evidence that the lean and full years recurred in definite cycles. Actually the discussions were broadened to include any evidence of cyclic law in wild life, and it was apparent that there was a great mass of such evidence, bearing upon the growth of trees and the life of "insects, fish of the sea, fish of the rivers, game-birds, birds of prey, mice, rabbits . . . They also occur in the bacteria and other parasites which cause epidemics among animals and sweep them away by the millions. Reproduction, diseases and deaths among human beings also came in for discussion. Agricultural fluctuations and even financial panics were not neglected. A number of solar, lunar and meteorological cycles were suggested as causes of the cycles in plants, animals and man. Somewhat to the surprise of the conference the main discussion did not centre around the well-known sunspot cycle of eleven years, but around shorter cycles of four years and especially nine or ten." We quote from the report of the conference by Dr. Ellsworth Huntington, published in *Science*, for September 4, 1931. It is suggestive, but disappointing in the vagueness of its generalities,—though this might have been expected in a first meeting of such a kind. With regard to the ten year cycle, it was noted not only "that many different animals show the same periodicity, but that the same period occurs in the far northwest of Canada, and all the way south into the United States. The increase or decrease appears to begin in the far north and to work its way southward and eastward, reaching southern Canada after about three years. In spite of this, the period of ten years or a little less is constant in each region." Dr. Huntington himself supplied evidence that a similar cycle was recorded in the measurements of the annual rings of growth in trees, particularly the giant sequoias of California. "Thus once in ten years or less something seems to happen which causes an increase and then a decrease in the vital activities of both plants and animals." The most accurate figure for this cycle appeared to be 9.7 years; and it was pointed out that a cycle of 9.5 years can be detected in meteorological records, but has not been much studied there. It is close to half of a recognized lunar cycle of 18.6 years, which can also be distinctly traced in the recurring droughts recorded in the United States during the last century.

A Timber Calendar

What is noted above of the rings of growth of trees, brings to mind a remarkable application of their variation which was made some years ago to the com-

parative dating of ancient Indian ruins in our southwest. The timbers of which the different buildings had been made were carefully examined for the sequence of their ring growths, and the successive variations of these were accurately measured. Where the same sequence of variations was found in two timbers, it was conclusive evidence that they had grown during the same sequence of years; and where the variations of the outer rings of one timber corresponded to those of the inner rings of another, it was clear that the former was of earlier origin than the latter. In this way, linking one timber with another in a continuous chain, a long record or calendar of the years was obtained, and by means of it, the relative dates of the different timbers, and so of the buildings containing them, was determined.

Since writing the above, and as we are about to go to press, we notice a paragraph in the *Science News Letter* of December 12th, stating that Dr. A. E. Douglas, the originator of these tree-ring studies, has recently completed a collection of 275 timbers taken from the little Indian town of Oraibi in northeastern Arizona, which together constitute an unbroken record going back 561 years, showing that the town has been continuously inhabited from 1370 A. D. The earliest written records of Oraibi date from 1770; so the tree-ring calendar has extended its history 400 years. Doctor Douglas is convinced that no other settlement in the United States can give proof of having been continuously inhabited for so long a period, and that Oraibi deserves to be known and marked as our oldest town.

Thomas Edison, One Time F.T.S.

The recent death of Thomas Edison recalls the fact that he was an early member of the Theosophical Society. It was in 1875, when he was twenty-eight and the Society had just been founded, that he made his first commercially successful invention, and in 1877, the year *Isis Unveiled* was published, that he invented the phonograph. In *Isis*, H. P. B. makes the first of several allusions to his work and theories, which, dealing with the new forces of electricity and magnetism, infinitely subtiler than any science had previously explored, tended to undermine the crass materialism of scientific thought, and thus furnished a welcome weapon to her hand. On page 126 of the first volume, we read:

> Since we began to write this part of our book, an announcement has been made in a number of papers of the supposed discovery of a new force by Mr. Edison, the electrician, of Newark, New Jersey, which force seems to have little in common with electricity, or galvanism, except the principle of conductivity. If demonstrated, it may remain for a long time under some pseudonymous scientific name; but, nevertheless, it will be but one of the numerous family of children brought forth from the commencement of time by our kabalistic mother, the *Astral Virgin*. In fact, the discoverer says that, "it is as distinct, and has as regular laws as heat, magnetism or electricity". The journal which contains the first account of the discovery adds that, "Mr. Edison thinks that it exists in connection with heat, and that it can be generated by independent and *as yet undiscovered means*."

The new force turned out to be electricity after all, though in such a different form from those previously known, that it might well have been given a new name. The then "undiscovered means" for its production are now familiar to all of us in the dynamo. But, as we have suggested above, it is only now that we are drawing near to the point where science may be willing to admit that H. P. B. was right in seeing it as one of the progeny of the "Astral Virgin".

Thirteen years later, in an editorial in *Lucifer* (March, 1890), entitled "The Cycle Moveth", H. P. B. comments upon the fact that though the critics had ridiculed the statement in *The Secret Doctrine* that atoms were endowed with intelligence, they now quoted with approval and sympathy Edison's assertion of his belief in the same truth: "I do not believe that matter is inert, acted upon by an outside force. To me it seems that every atom is possessed by a certain amount of primitive intelligence: look at the thousand ways in which atoms of hydrogen combine with those of other elements. . . . Do you mean to say that they do this without intelligence?" Madame Blavatsky adds: "Mr. Edison is a Theosophist, though not a very active one. Still, the very fact of his holding a diploma seems to inspire him with Theosophical truths." In her next editorial, H. P. B. reverts to the controversy over Edison's statement, which, welcomed by some, had been criticized by others. She picks up the cudgels in his defence.

> For this flight of fancy the February *Review of Reviews* takes the inventor of the phonograph to task and critically remarks that "Edison is much given to dreaming", his "scientific imagination" being constantly at work. Would to goodness that men of science exercised their "scientific imagination" a little more and their dogmatic and cold negations a little less. Dreams differ. . . . The greatest discoveries of modern science are due to the imaginative faculty of the discoverers. . . . Is it then, because consciousness in every universal atom and the possibility of a complete control over the cells and atoms of his body by man, have not been honoured so far with the imprimatur of the Popes of exact science, that the idea is to be dismissed as a dream? Occultism gives the same teaching. Occultism tells us that every atom, like the monad of Leibnitz, is a little universe in itself; and that every organ and cell in the human body is endowed with a brain of its own, with memory, therefore, experience and discriminative powers. The idea of Universal Life composed of individual atomic lives is one of the oldest teachings of esoteric philosophy. . . . Modern science, owing to physiology, is itself on the eve of discovering that consciousness is universal—thus justifying Edison's "dreams."

This was written more than forty years ago. Since then the world has heard more and more of Edison's practical adaptations and inventions, and perhaps less and less of his "dreams". His membership in the Society was not continued. He was a good man; and he will undoubtedly go down to history as a very great man. The President of the United States credited him with "revolutionizing civilization"; Mr. Harvey S. Firestone called him "the greatest mind of our generation"; and Mr. Henry Ford said that "everything he achieved was beneficial to mankind". The *New York Times* spoke of him, editorially, as having

"added immeasurably to the comfort, enjoyment and productivity of mankind"; and when the Congressional Gold Medal was presented to him in 1928, it was said (so as not to let the "immeasurable" remain unmeasured) that "his contributions to the welfare of mankind" amounted to more than "fifteen and one-half billions of dollars". And yet ——. What does it mean that a whole nation should unite in such tribute of praise and gratitude to one who was once a member of the Theosophical Society? Was any other member ever so acclaimed, from the least to the greatest? And is it altogether well with a people whose most spontaneous gratitude and highest admiration go out to those who minister best to their comfort and enjoyment?

There is a pertinent passage in Mr. Judge's *Echoes from the Orient*, which may well make us pause and reflect:

> The cycles in their movement are bringing up to the surface now, in the United States and America generally, not only a great glory of civilization which was forgotten eleven thousand or more years ago, but also the very men, the monads—the egos, as they call them—who were concerned so many ages since in developing and bringing it to its final lustre. In fact, we of the nineteenth century, hearing of new discoveries and inventions every day, and dreaming of great advances in all arts and sciences, are the same individuals who inhabited bodies among the powerful and brilliant as well as wicked, Atlanteans. . . . Of course, in order to be able to accept in any degree this theory, it is essential that one should believe in the twin theosophical doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation. To me it seems quite plain. I can almost see the Atlanteans in these citizens of America, sleepy, and not well aware who they are, but yet full of the Atlantean ideas, which are only prevented from full and clear expression by the inherited bodily and mental environment which cramps and binds the mighty man within. This again is Nemesis-Karma that punishes us by means of these galling limitations, penning up our power, and for the time frustrating our ambition. It is because, when we were in Atlantean bodies, we did wickedly, not the mere sordid wicked things of this day, but high deeds of evil such as by St. Paul were attributed to unknown spiritual beings in high places. We degraded spiritual things, and turned mighty powers over nature to base uses; we did *in excelsis* that which is hinted at now in the glorification of wealth, of material goods, of the individual over the spiritual and above the great Man—Humanity. This has now its compensation in our present inability to attain what we want or to remove from among us the grinding-stones of poverty. We are, as yet, only preparers, much as we may exalt our plainly crude American development. Herein lies the very gist of the cycle's meaning. It is a preparatory cycle.

Edison's contact with the Theosophical Society was apparently sufficient, as Madame Blavatsky suggested, partly to free his genius from the "galling limitations" of our present inherited environment, and to restore the use of some of the memory and powers of "the mighty man within". Perhaps his gifts to our age only repeated gifts he made to one long past. Perhaps there is repetition, too, in

the way in which we have received them,—in our avid hunger for personal comfort, our "glorification of wealth and material goods". If this last should be true, then indeed have we need, as a people, to strive earnestly with ourselves in this cycle of preparation, that, when the time comes, we shall not fall again, as we fell before, and do "*in excelsis*" the evil which is hinted at in our present attitude.

Mohenjo-daro, the Mound of the Dead

Sir Arthur Keith, in the *New York Times* of November 22nd, 1931, has given us a noteworthy account of the "amazing discoveries" made at Mohenjo-daro, in northwestern India, some two hundred miles up the river from the delta of the Indus. Ten years ago, an officer of the Indian Archæological Survey, R. D. Banerji, became interested in a Buddhist monastery situated on the largest of a number of mounds, which rose above the plain on the western bank of the river. Digging beneath the foundations of the monastery, in an effort to determine its date, he encountered solidly built brick structures, the bricks being almost identical with those used in the monastery, but obviously of very ancient date,—this being confirmed by the character of the objects unearthed, among which were seals which Mr. Banerji recognized as being similar to those found in the oldest cities of Mesopotamia, in the delta lands of the Tigris and Euphrates, though between the two sites fourteen hundred miles of mountains and high plateaus intervene. The excavations were pressed, and by 1925 soundings had proved that a succession of very ancient cities lay buried at Mohenjo-daro, the "Mound of the Dead". The work was put in charge of Sir John Marshall, the director general of the survey, and "by the end of the second winter (1926-27) thirteen acres of buildings had been exposed [out of an area of some 240 acres, covered by the mounds], enough to reveal the kind of cities which had been built on the banks of the Indus five thousand years ago". They were remarkably like our own. The houses were built close together, in blocks, but separated by narrow alleys, or lanes,—like modern service alleys. There were covered sewers in the streets. The houses had many rooms, including porter's lodges and bath rooms; and there were upper stories reached by stairs. It is estimated that the population must have been in the neighbourhood of 50,000. Sir Arthur Keith considers the city the first example known of "deliberate town planning". He says:

> The oldest cities known to us grew gradually and irregularly without plan, but in the Indus valley, some five thousand years ago, there were men who had mastered the art of city building, and a government which was strong enough to put their plans into execution. The main streets were laid out according to the compass, north and south, east and west. . . . We have to think of the supplies of food and the tide of trade which are needed to sustain the life of such a community. And when we have meditated on the matter, we shall be convinced that civilization on the banks of the Indus some five thousand years ago was much of the same kind as that which now exists on the banks of the Mississippi.

To Sir Arthur Keith all of this is much more surprising than it will be to students of Theosophy, who have never accepted the foreshortening of all human history—and particularly eastern history—which is characteristic of western thought, both in science and theology (it is really extraordinary that differing on almost all matters of truth, they should agree upon this one matter of error). Sir Arthur Keith speaks for his own science, but not for Theosophy, when he says:

> The importance of any discovery can always be measured by the extent to which it causes us to alter our former beliefs. This discovery made in India causes all of us, who are seeking to trace the beginnings of our modern civilization, to re-orientate our attitude to man's past. When we sought to trace human history into the fourth millennium B. C., there were, until this discovery was made, only two spots of light in the darkness of the ancient world—Egypt and Mesopotamia. Now come the discoveries on the banks of the Indus; they have added at one swoop two thousand years to the history of India. That, in reality, is a side-issue. What really matters is the light which Mohenjo-daro throws on the state of human civilization five thousand years ago; it was not confined, as we have hitherto thought, to two small areas of the Old World. It extended from India to Egypt—across a tract measuring at least eighteen hundred miles in width, and its extent from north to south was probably not much less. Human civilization—city civilization—is much older than we have hitherto thought. If human civilization was so widely spread in the fourth millennium, it is most improbable that we shall reach its beginning when we search the rubbish heaps of the fifth millennium. Most likely we shall have to go well into the sixth millennium B. C. to find man taking his first steps cityward. One thing is certain—the archæologist will not lay aside his spade until he has solved this mystery—the origin of our modern civilization.

It is typical of the genuine scientist that when confronted with new evidence that makes his former theories untenable, he does not hesitate to say that he has been forced to change his views. There is such winning frankness in this, that it almost disarms our recollection of the positive way in which the error was first asserted, and the ridicule to which those are subjected who dare to differ from the scientific fashions of their time. But even now we cannot wholly follow Sir Arthur Keith, or share the certainty he expressed in the last sentence we have quoted. Let us grant, for the sake of the argument, that it is established that modern civilization must have had an "origin", and that we know how to distinguish between a "primitive" and a "degenerate" man, still we can see no reason to assume from this that the records of that origin must be buried in the lands now above the ocean bed, accessible to the archæologist's spade. Why sweep so carelessly aside the traditions of civilizations engulfed by floods, the memories of Atlantis and Lemuria?

FRAGMENTS

THE passing of a soul that is close to us rends the heavens wide open, and brings what is called the two worlds—the inner and the outer—together, in our consciousness. It is possible then, if only briefly, to realize that these two worlds are one, that there exists no barrier between them whatever, save the barrier of our wrong conception, and the self-imposed limitation of our powers of vision. It is fundamentally true that we choose what we can see; that, granting an undeveloped capacity, it remains with us to decide whether we be near-sighted or far-sighted, alert to the things of material life, or to those of the spiritual.

Each death which really touches us, startles us from the grooves along which our days are gliding, from the accepted and the unconsidered; and in that moment we have a supreme opportunity to make a great step forward, to transcend ourselves, and to awake to a higher and truer consciousness.

Death is not only a deliverer to the soul released from its bondage in matter, but, like all divine presences, scatters gifts upon those around, filling the hour of his visitation with the perfume and harmony of what he represents; and, as upon a flood-tide, we also may be swept on, to pass beyond the veil of sense into the regions of reality—a veil that need never again shut us away, if we so will. Or we may remain behind in the shadow of our desolation.

Again I say, it is for us to choose.

With death, come all the celestial agencies that wait upon the soul. It is a time of abundant freedom, and our ability to share in its privileges and indulgences is measured by the vitality of our love for the one who is summoned; for a real love knits us fibre to fibre. We might say, in other terms, that it is our friend's parting gift to us, this chance to pass on with him. True it is that we cannot go all the way; but a curtain is drawn aside, and life is transfigured by it.

Those who, steadfastly seeking the path of discipleship, lead a life which increasingly dies to material things that it may be filled with spiritual things, will comprehend my meaning. Until a man understands death he cannot understand life, for the two are one, and are only to be understood in relation each to the other. Of the two, death is the easier to understand, because closer to the nature of our ordinary existence—we who live in shadows and mists and unrealities.

That which is mortal, being mortal, sloughs away,—a casing only; all that has meaning consolidates in Eternity.

Death is a change of consciousness; to some it must mean a blank, because a negation of recognized experience. Yet the disciple who is learning, like St. Paul, to die daily, shall surely discover for himself that it is in Adam all die, and in the things of Adam, but that in Christ all are made alive.

So in smaller measure, when a presence that has beautified our days is drawn from physical perception into the invisible light, we may follow after through the opening his passing has made, and, sharing in that death, may also die ourselves, to the evanescent, the trivial, the commonplace, and enter deeper into all that has value or significance.

For to die in terms of immortal life *out* of the body, we must first learn to die ***in*** the body, since here is our field of exercise and school of learning.

CAVÉ.

CHARLES JOHNSTON

CHARLES JOHNSTON died on Friday, October 16th, at about twenty minutes past three in the afternoon. His death was due to heart disease, from which he had been ill for nearly a year. He seemed much better in April, at the time of the T. S. Convention, but not long afterwards became seriously worse. To the end he retained his high courage, keen sense of humour, perfect cheerfulness, and steadfast aspiration; there was never a word or sign of complaint or self-pity. In conversation with one close to him, he spoke of his desire not only to accept his Karma, but to welcome whatever the Master might have in store for him, that he might learn its lesson as thoroughly as possible, since he wished only the Master's will; and toward the end he spoke of the months of his illness as the most fruitful of his life.

He has left us very little in the way of autobiography,—if biography still mean to us, as it had ceased to mean to him, a record of the personal outer life. It was not there his real interests lay. *Who's Who in America* gives the usual skeleton outline of parentage and birth, dates and places, positions held and books published,—the whole sketch being very incomplete, because he would never take the time properly to revise it. He was born at Ballykilbeg, Co. Down, Ireland, on February 17th, 1867, the son of "Johnston of Ballykilbeg", Member of Parliament for Belfast, a famous Orangeman and leader of the Temperance movement. His mother was a daughter of Sir John Hay, a Scotch Baronet. He was educated at Derby, England, and later at Dublin University. In the last article he wrote, contributed to the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY for July, 1931, marking the centenary of H. P. B.'s birth, he recounts his first meeting with her, in 1887, and in order to give it its proper setting, he tells us very briefly how he first heard of her, and of Theosophy. "I had been first introduced to her", he writes, "by reading A. P. Sinnett's *Occult World* in November, 1884, and *Esoteric Buddhism* in the following spring; and had been completely convinced of the truth of her message, of the reality of Masters, and of her position as Messenger of the Great Lodge. This conviction was tested by the attack made on her by the Society for Psychical Research in London, in June, 1885, when I made a vigorous protest in H. P. B.'s defence, and by further study of *Isis Unveiled*, *Five Years of Theosophy*, and *Light on the Path* in the months that followed."

In August, 1888, he took, and passed brilliantly, his final examinations, notoriously "stiff", for the Bengal Civil Service. Then he married Vera Jelihovsky, H. P. B.'s niece, whom he had met while she was staying with her aunt in London; and, shortly afterwards, he and his wife left for India, where they arrived in November of the same year. Stationed in an unhealthy district, he

contracted jungle fever, and, after visiting other parts of India, became so ill that he was officially invalided home some two years after his arrival. In talking to a friend about his experiences at this time, when still living in or near the jungle, Mr. Johnston told of a yogî who used to emerge from its depths whenever a particularly bad attack of fever had him in its grip. He said that the yogî would squat on the veranda, near him, and smile sympathetically, occasionally discussing philosophy, but more often saying nothing; and that the effect of this man's presence was extraordinarily soothing and helpful, seeming always to quiet the fever, or in any case to make it more endurable.

On his return to Europe—his Civil Service career at an end—his first effort had to be to recover his health while somehow making a living, which must have been a matter of extreme difficulty for a young man who had been educated exclusively for a position now denied him, and who necessarily lacked either mercantile or professional training. There was nothing for it but to use a talent already helpfully employed on behalf of the Theosophical Society, and to become a professional writer. He succeeded in connecting himself with some English journals, to which he sent letters on foreign news, and he contributed, to the more serious reviews, articles on ethnological, political and economic questions. Thus employed, for the next six years he and his wife travelled extensively in Europe, visiting her relatives—Madame Blavatsky's nearest kin—in Russia, and staying in different places in England, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Austria, and France. They lived for some time in Salzburg, where Dr. Franz Hartmann then resided, and where Mr. Johnston finally threw off his jungle malaria.

Through all this time, both in India and after he left it, he pursued unremittingly his studies in the Wisdom Religion, to which Theosophy had given him the keys. By the use of these keys, the ancient scriptures of the East—which, to Max Müller and his school of orientalists were little more than a mass of meaningless ritual—had revealed to him the underlying outline of the Mystery Teaching, the same basic teaching to which Madame Blavatsky had introduced him and which she was attempting to rephrase for the comprehension of the modern, western world. At Mr. Judge's request, Mr. Johnston undertook a series of translations from the Sanskrit, which were made a regular feature of the Theosophical Society's literary activity, being published by Mr. Judge as the "Oriental Department Papers". It was from the work done in this connection that his first separate volume on the Indian scriptures, *From the Upanishads*, was culled.

While a student in Dublin he had for friends a notable group of young Irishmen, including the Irish poets, W. B. Yeats and G. W. Russell, who shared his interest in Theosophy,—though of all of them he alone remained faithful. It was to G. W. Russell that he dedicated, in 1895, this volume of translations from the Sanskrit; and the dedicatory letter, written, after ten years of separation, to the companion of his first adventures in Theosophy, gives us a revealing picture of this early period of his life. For Mr. Johnston the ten year interval had been, as we have seen, a very crowded one, yet he says very little of his

outer journeyings and doings, offering, instead, the fruit of his inner search for that "small old path the seers know", where, "whether one would set out to the bloom of the East or come to the chambers of the West, without moving is the travelling in this road. . . . In this path, to whatever place one would go, that place one's own self becomes". We reproduce the dedicatory letter,—telling us of the teaching of Death, teaching which we now have double need to know.

> The brown and yellow of autumn are touching the chestnut-leaves again for the tenth time since those early days when we first began to seek the small old path the seers know.
>
> On such a day as this, rejoicing in the sunlight, we lay on our backs in the grass, and looking up into the blue, tried to think ourselves into that new world which we had suddenly discovered ourselves to inhabit. For we had caught the word, handed down with silent laughter through the ages, that we ourselves are the inventors of the game of life, the kings of this most excellent universe: that there is no sorrow, but fancy weaves it; that we need not even knock to be admitted, for we already are, and always were, though we had forgotten it, within the doors of life.
>
> That young enthusiasm and hourly joy of living was one of old destiny's gracious presents, a brightness to remember when storms gathered round us, as they did many times in the years since: there was a gaiety and lightness in the air then, a delight of new discovery, that I do not think we shall find again; yet I know, and you also know, what excellent strength we have gained instead. For, carrying our high hopes with us, all these years, as one side of life after another was turned to us, as we had to pass through rough ways as well as smooth, to wrestle with the stubborn tendency of things, full-breasted and strenuous, we have fought and worked into ourselves an intimate knowledge of what we then only divined, we have realized much that then loomed dim and ghostly before us, we have learned to abide confidently by spiritual law.
>
> To gain our experience side by side would have been very pleasant, had fate so willed it; but fate willed quite otherwise. Almost at the outset, destiny carried me, vagrant, to the distant rivers of the East, whose waters mirror old towered shrines among the palm-trees, while the boatman's song floats echo-like across; or where the breakers of the lonely, limitless ocean cast forth strange shells upon the sand; or through the grey alder-forests stretching away desolate to the frozen seas; or again, among rugged mountains, shaggy with pine-forests, where rainbow-sparkles carpet the snow.
>
> And you, whom outward fate has held stationary, travelled perhaps further after all; finding your way homeward to the strange world the seers tell of, the world at the back of the heavens; and sending to us your "Songs by the Way".
>
> It was an ambition of mine, in those old days, to translate, from the Indian books of Wisdom, the story of the Sacrificer's son who was sent by his father to the house of Death. This story has always seemed to me a teaching of admirable worth, carrying with it the most precious gift of all, a sense of the high mysteriousness and vast hidden treasure of life, which makes us seekers for ever, always finding, yet always knowing that there is still more to find;

so that every day becomes a thing of limitless promise and wonder, only revealing itself as containing a new wonder within. For what teaching could bring a more wonderful sense of the largeness and hidden riches of being than this: that our sincerest friend is the once dreaded king of terrors; that death teaches us what no other can—the lesson of the full and present eternity of life? We need not wait till our years are closed for his teaching: that teaching of his, like every other treasure of life, is all-present in every moment, in full abundance, here and now. It is the teaching of Death that, to gain the better, we must lose the dearer; to gain the greater, we must lose the less; to win the abundant world of reality, we must give up the world of fancy and folly and fear which we have so long held dear: we have been learning it all these years since we began; learning also Death's grim jest, that there is no sacrifice possible for us at all, for while we were painfully renouncing the dearer, his splendid generosity had already given us the better—new worlds instead of old.

Well, the ten years are passed, and my ambition is fulfilled; I hand you my rendering of Death's lesson, and two more teachings from the same old wise books.

I have found them wise, beyond all others; and, beyond all others, filled with that very light that makes all things new; the light discovered first within, in the secret place of the heart, and which, brimming over there, fills the whole of life, lightening every dark and clouded way. That glowing heart within us, we are beginning to guess, is the heart of all things, the everlasting foundation of the world; and because speech is given therein to that teaching of oneness, of our hearts and the heart eternal as eternally one, I have translated the last of these three passages from the books of Wisdom.

You will find in them, besides high intuition, a quaint and delightful flavour, a charm of childlike simplicity; yet of a child who is older than all age, a child of the eternal and infinite, whose simplicity is better than the wisdom of the wise.

There is no answer in words to the question: What is in the great Beyond? nor can there be; yet I think we know already that, in the nameless mystery of the real, it will be altogether well with us—now and after. This strong reconciliation with the real is, very likely, the best fruit of our ten years' learning.

Mr. Johnston was only twenty-eight when he wrote this letter, marking, as he says, the attainment of one of the ambitions of his student days, but, of infinitely greater moment, marking also the discovery of the inner light, "in the secret place of the heart", and the recognition that it "is the heart of all things, the everlasting foundation of the world", so that, in desire for it, all other desires must be consumed. He had found the pathway to the real; it remained to set himself steadily to gaining freedom from the bondage to the unreal. In the next year he and Mrs. Johnston moved permanently to America, reaching New York in October, 1896. Here, as in Europe, he made his living by contributing to the secular magazines, but, as always, continued his theosophic studies; and into the silent work of reconstruction which followed Mrs. Ting-

ley's regime and the crisis that terminated it, he put all the best of himself. Thereafter we shall look in vain for any personal note in his theosophic writings, for the life they deal with is the life of the spirit, not of the separate personality; it is the age-old way of discipleship, of devotion to the Masters, and of the will to serve them,—the life that is open to all souls, and the same for all souls,—the life that has been the theme of all the world's scriptures, the teaching of all the saints and seers and prophets, and of their followers; but which, though the way to it be cried from the house-tops, must be *lived* before it can be really known. Little by little, the clamorous self-assertion of the personality must be put away, until in its place there comes that serene, detached stillness which so many who met him felt.

But perhaps few were privileged to look deeper, and to see the valour on which this serenity rested,—the steady crescendo of self-conquest which won him this prize of the warrior: and the warrior Mr. Johnston was. Let us quote again—this time from his Introduction to *The Song of Life.*

> In the radiance we are all one, wrapped in the terrible flame of Life. Yet we forget. We come back again shivering across the threshold, and hasten to wrap our pure divinity in a mist of dreams. The saint once more takes his white garment; the sinner, his red vesture of desire. The weak is weak again, and the strong exults. Their dreams are once more real to them; and these dreams are our mortal world.
>
> We return to the world of daylight to live for a few more hours in the strength brought back from the immortal world. Our earthen lamps are replenished for another watch. We strain and stagger under the burden of our dreams, driven by hope and fear, by desire and hate. Fear is the keenest scourge of all; making us cowards, it makes us also cruel. Thus we fall away from our divinity, robbed of every shred of memory by the army of shadows that meet us on the threshold, with their captain, fear. Yet in all our phantom-world, there is no illusion so absolute a lie as fear. We are the gods, the immortals; yet we cower and cringe. We are children of the will, yet slaves of fear. Therefore our ideal of valour brings us near the threshold, for it bids us kill the captain of the shadows who bar our way. But for a long time yet, the shadow of fear will lurk in the haunted darkness of our human hearts. . . .
>
> The highest valour is needed, to make our vision real. We must battle with the whole army of shadows, the princes and powers of the air. We must fight to the death, if we would inherit life.

No member of The Theosophical Society, no reader of the QUARTERLY, needs to be told of Mr. Johnston's services to the Movement through the forty-six years of his association with it. The hundred and fifteen numbers of this magazine, which stand as a lasting memorial to Mr. Griscom, its founder and first editor, are only less of a memorial to Mr. Johnston, who, from its inception, has been its most generous contributor. Dependent always upon his earnings as a writer, he contributed his articles to the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, not only without financial recompense (no contributions to the QUARTERLY are

ever paid for), but lavishly and with punctilious regularity: he was never late, or too busy or too tired. Not content with this, for many years past he had returned all the royalties due him from the sale of his books published by the Quarterly Book Department, insisting that the money be used for the benefit of the work. He was one of the few who made possible the continuance of the Society when it was all but disrupted after the turn of the cycle, and for more than a quarter of a century he was Chairman of its Executive Committee. He travelled from New York to the Pacific coast, and went again to Europe, in order to visit the Branches and isolated members of the Society, and it was upon him that the chief burden of public lecturing devolved. The list of our standard theosophical books owes more to him than to any save H. P. B.; and he has interpreted for us the great scriptures of India as has no other writer. One of his last expressions of satisfaction was that he had completed the material for the second volume of his translations of the Upanishads. In every department of the work, our debt to him is deep and lasting. But greater than his gifts, to some of us, was the man himself, and our deepest gratitude is for his comradeship.

Let us remember, too, as we look back over this record of his services to us and to our Cause, that while rendering them he had the common duties and responsibilities of outer life, which claimed his strength and time, so that his work for Theosophy was done in the hours which most men deem necessary for recreation and for rest. He lectured at Cooper Union, and for the New York Board of Education. In 1908, he was Special Lecturer in Political Science at the University of Wisconsin—where he was presented with a loving cup by the members of the faculty—and he also delivered a number of addresses at Columbia University in New York. At one time he taught at the Russian Seminary. A great lover of nature and science, he was especially interested in ornithology, and was a valued member of the Linnaean Society. In 1918–19, he served as Captain in the Military Intelligence Division at Washington. But no matter where he was, or what his occupations, he permitted nothing to interfere with his contributions to the QUARTERLY.

He would tell us, and it would be true, that all that was of worth in him, all that he valued in life, he owed to Theosophy. It was Theosophy that brought him to himself; it was Theosophy that brought him to Christianity,—the most deeply hidden of all the world's religions, the most travestied, and most misunderstood, but to those who have heard aright its Master's call, none more superbly valorous. As few have been able to give to the Movement what he gave, so few have been able to take from it as he took. Which of these two is cause and which effect, no one can say, for in essence they are one and the same. We give by taking, and take as we give. For all he gave, for all he took, our gratitude is his,—but most for what he made himself.

The sorrow of his going is something of which those who were closest to him cannot speak,—but that is of the mortal: in the Immortal there is neither change nor separation.

H. B. M.

CHARLES JOHNSTON

I and mine do not convince by arguments, similes, rhymes,
We convince by our presence.—WALT WHITMAN.

MANY times they mentioned his name, those old friends, members long ago of the T. S. They said he would answer my questions convincingly, as they, for all their kindness, never succeeded in doing. They offered many opportunities to talk with him, which were never accepted because I had plans of my own to follow. Friends, I said mentally, even the kindest, always have something they want a young man to do, a book to read or a meeting to attend. A young man with a purpose, my mind thus chattered, must not let himself be diverted; must often listen, of necessity, to friends' counsel, but need not give heed. So I followed my own path and did not cross Mr. Johnston's, until ten years later when mine proved to be a blind alley.

Meanwhile Oxford and Cambridge and Göttingen gave diverse answers that sufficed for a space. Yet always the reiterant question would make itself heard: "What is this thing called 'living'? and is it worth what it costs?" In a multitude of negative replies, one sounded affirmative, Tolstoi's. To go to Tolstoi, seemed therefore the sensible thing to do,—to ascertain the reason for his affirmation. So, because Mr. Johnston had travelled in Russia, I condescended, at this point, to see him, for the purpose of planning a pilgrimage to Tolstoi.

Mr. Johnston was most kind in arranging for a call. It was to be one evening. At noon of that day, I made a call upon X-Y-Z-, editor of the —— *Review*, a literary man with a reputation in the field of Sanskrit literature. He was friendly and yet repellent. He talked well, but for all his culture, had nothing to say. Acquainted with ancient and modern European classics, as well as with Eastern, in his scale of values he put Greek thinkers in the first place. Greek philosophy, he alleged, makes no extraordinary promises; it shows a man how to live his life here and now, and find satisfaction in so doing; any "beyond", it does not consider; *humanism* is its foundation and spire. Eastern philosophy, on the other hand, he maintained, appears to offer more than do the Greeks, but it requires a man to jump from the brink into nothingness; though if that jump be made, life, the Eastern sages declare, will for the first time be found. But who knows? For himself, X-Y-Z- had never felt impelled to investigate the landing place after the jump.

A sinister drizzle environed that lunch hour, and when lunch was over, I never saw X-Y-Z- again.

That evening, after ten years of hearsay, I called upon Mr. Johnston. There was conversation, of course, but I remember no word of it. For there was Mr. Johnston himself, convincing "by his presence", by the authority with which he spoke. Arguments, plans, questions, Tolstoi,—all such futile things vanished

in that "convincing presence". Oxford, Cambridge, Göttingen, the Sorbonne, with their charm and their learning, had enrolled no such presence. He let me return the following day, and again and again, but the conversations I do not remember—only himself. For here was one who had done what X-Y-Z- feared to do; he had left the quicksand of earthly life to find himself, not in nothingness, but on his feet upon a Rock. Previous to those happy weeks with him, what I had treasured was a morning at Emerson's grave, and an afternoon at Wordsworth's, when those two had been found,—friends. But here *incarnate* was a friend, "a friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit", encouraging and inspiring not only by words on paper but by his presence and example. Of those momentous days when he so generously permitted me to be with him, one thing only that he said has stayed in memory—a quotation from Whitman:

> Allons! to that which is endless as it was beginningless,
> To see nothing anywhere but what you may reach it and pass it,
> To know the universe itself as a road, as many roads, as
> roads for travelling souls.

Later he led me to understand that Whitman's words are only a variant of Krishna's in the *Gîta*. Krishna's words! Divine Wisdom, overlaid and forgotten in East and West alike! To share that treasure with any who would take it, to arouse deaf ears from their sleep of death, was not that the chief motive of Mr. Johnston's living?

C. C. Clark.

Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its power of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous—a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright.—Carlyle.

Vouchsafe me the gift of perseverance, on which my eternal happiness depends.
—Matthew Arnold.

MR. JOHNSTON AND THE UPANISHADS

TO students who might be described as the second and third generations of the Theosophical Society, the Upanishads mean Mr. Johnston, and Mr. Johnston has come to mean, in more senses than one, the Upanishads. His translations and commentaries, begun in 1888, have continued without a break every year until the present—42 years in all. We have grown to expect them with the same regularity that we look to-day for the familiar cover of the QUARTERLY. But Mr. Johnston did not merely translate the Upanishads: those who knew him found in him a living commentary on his own commentaries on the Upanishads. Our debt to him is incalculable,—a debt which it is at once our privilege and our opportunity more than ever to set about repaying.

Others, qualified to do so, will write of the personal aspects of Mr. Johnston's contributions to the Theosophical Movement. Here we shall survey, as best we may, the nature of his major literary contributions, made directly to the several magazines published by the Society itself, some of which have been republished in book form. With his manifold writings outside the publications of the Society, there will be no attempt to deal. With all of them, no matter how secular, went, in a special sense, something of Mr. Johnston's spirit, something of his hold on the inner realities of life, so that the outside world is his debtor far more than can be estimated, because of what he put consciously into every paragraph he wrote, because of what, as an integral part of the Theosophical Movement, he was able to transmit.

Mr. Johnston joined the Theosophical Society in 1885,—as he wrote himself, "before that vital body had completed its tenth year". His first article took the leading place in the December, 1886, issue of *The Theosophist*, when he was nineteen years old. A succession of articles followed, totalling 16 in all. He contributed 27 articles to *Lucifer*, beginning with the first volume, December, 1887, and continuing until the Society ceased to concern itself with that publication, which passed into alien hands. Five of these comprised his first translations from the Upanishads, while in addition there were eight half-pages of translated aphorisms. He contributed 15 articles to *The Irish Theosophist;* 20 to the *Path;* 8 to *Theosophy* in the less than two years of its brief existence; 53 translations in the series of *Oriental Department Papers*, all from the Sanskrit; 53 that have been identified in the *Forum* (where in the later volumes all articles were unsigned), of which 26 were translations; and 242 articles to the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, from its first to the current volume, not including reviews, answers to questions, or his addresses reported during the sessions of

Convention. This is an average of 8½ articles a year for the QUARTERLY, or more than two for each issue. The total number of articles is, therefore, about 434, of which 170 were translations, or an average of almost 10 articles a year for the 44 years he was writing for the Movement.

The leaven of Mr. Johnston's work—his particular genius and gifts—is an everlasting portion of the Movement, an integral part of that "corner stone, the foundation of the future religions of humanity" which we have been told it has been the avowed plan of the Masters to lay since 1875. Such labours gave Mr. Johnston an undoubted right, among other things, to interpret "That Sanskrit Term Laziness", and suggest the embodiment of a phrase from his own commentary on the *Crest Jewel of Wisdom*—the "larger might to toil"—which, as he pointed out, is a part of the attainment and privilege of Masters themselves. Translations, moreover, take at least twice as long to produce as an ordinary article, since the labour of translation comes first, and only then the shaping of this material into a proper form and unity.

In order to appreciate in some measure not merely the quantity, but the quality of this achievement, and the nature of the difficulties that Mr. Johnston had to overcome, especially in translating and interpreting the Upanishads, it might be well to glance for a moment, by way of contrast, at what is usually available outside our literature for the student of Theosophy, if he should wish to study these ancient scriptures.

The Upanishads are not dignified by a separate article in either the *Encyclopædia Britannica* or *Chambers' Encyclopædia*. In the *Britannica* article on "Sanskrit", by H. Julius Eggeling, Ph.D., Professor of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology in Edinburgh University, and former secretary and librarian of the Royal Asiatic Society, there are three scattered paragraphs, and one sentence, on the Upanishads—about as much in all as on "X-Ray Treatment" or "Vulture", and considerably less than on "Werwolf" or "Voting-Machines". The isolated, introductory sentence reads: "The Upanishads, however, are of a purely speculative nature, and must be looked upon as the first attempts at a systematic treatment of metaphysical questions" (Vol. xxiv, p. 160). With this might be compared one out of many of Mr. Johnston's characterizations:—

> The Upanishads consist rather of a series of vivid intuitions of life than of a system of thought woven into philosophic completeness and continuity; and each of these intuitions of life, these perceptions of our high and divine relation to the endless universe, has a lasting and enduring truth that no completed system could have; has the lasting and enduring truth of high poetic inspiration, and not the conditional and limited truth of philosophic systems, which, though based on high inspiration, are yet elaborated and finished by the mind in a mood far below inspiration.[1]

The first paragraph in the *Britannica*, after estimating the age of the primitive Rig Veda hymns as having very probably extended "over the earlier half of the second millenary, or from about 2000 to 1500 B. C.", with the later hymns

[1] *The Theosophy of the Upanishads*, pp. 24–5; published in 1896.

to be dated since 1000 B. C., continues: "The Arthawana-upanishads, mostly composed in slokas, may be roughly divided into two classes, viz., those of a purely speculative or general pantheistic character, treating chiefly of the nature of the supreme spirit, and the means of attaining to union therewith, and those of a sectarian tendency. Of the former category, a limited number —such as the Prasna, Mundaka, and Mandukya-upanishads—have probably to be assigned to the later period of Vedic literature, while the others . . . belong to post-Vedic times" (p. 167a). In other words, we are asked to believe that the earliest Upanishads were composed after 1000 B. C., and the later ones since Buddha's time. With this might be compared an article by Mr. Johnston entitled "Indian Chronology" in the *Forum* (Vol. viii of the new series, May, 1902), where he discusses the current European misconceptions regarding Indian chronology:—

> Many of the epochs of Indian History stretch back for thousands of years, the central point of all Indian Epic and tradition, the Mahabharata, or Great War, being dated almost exactly 5,000 years ago; while behind the Mahabharata War stretches a vast perspective; the ages of the Vedas, their Brahmanas, and the Upanishads; and even behind the Vedas, beyond the Rig-Veda's earliest hymns, lie untold ages of India's past, till that distant day, hidden in the mists of time, when the Aryan first descended from the Himalayan snows. Besides these traditional dates, we have a vast system of greater and lesser ages, of cycles within cycles, stretching back for hundreds of thousands, and even millions of years, which form a distinctive feature in the Puranic epoch, and which, more than anything else, have proved unpalatable to European students of Sanskrit thought.

This is still evident in the recent *Cambridge History of India*, where in Volume I, chapter V, which is by Professor A. Berriedale Keith, we read the positive statement that there is no evidence to determine an earlier date for the Upanishads than 1200 B. C.; and that the Brihadaranyaka and Chhandogya "are in all probability the oldest of the Upanishads", so that these two, with the Kena and "with the possible exception of the Kathaka", are the only ones that "can claim to be older than Buddhism" (p. 116). A sound historical sense seems as necessary here, as elsewhere, in modern scientific research.

Turning to the final characterization in the *Britannica*, we read (p. 177b): "In these treatises only the leading features of the pantheistic theory find utterance, generally in vague and mystic, though often in singularly powerful and poetical language, from which it is not always *possible* [italics ours] to extract the author's real idea on fundamental points, such as the relation between the Supreme Spirit and the phenomenal world—whether the latter was actually evolved from the former by a power inherent in him, or whether the process is altogether a fiction, an illusion of the individual self"—and the writer illustrates by a quotation from the Chhandogya Upanishad (vi. 2. 1): "How could the existent be born from the non-existent?" to prove the uncertainty of the Upanishads themselves. Leaving aside the question as to how

a treatise can be at once "vague and mystic" and at the same time "singularly powerful"—whether "generally" one, and then "often" the other, or not—which can probably only be solved by a strictly Western metaphysic, there is one obvious reason why "it is not always possible to extract the real idea on fundamental points", and that is, that the Upanishad cited is misquoted. The text, in fine, states the exact opposite of the thesis the very words quoted are made to support. Max Müller translates this and the next sloka as follows (*S. B. E.*, Vol. I, p. 93): "1. 'In the beginning', my dear, 'there was that only which is (τὸ ὄν), one only, without a second. Others say, in the beginning there was that only which is not (τὸ μὴ ὄν), one only, without a second; and from that which is not, that which is was born.' 2. 'But how could it be thus, my dear?' the father continued. 'How could that which is, be born of that which is not? No, my dear, only that which is, was in the beginning, one only, without a second'." To take the question of the second verse: "How could that which is, be born of that which is not?"—which is put into the mouth of "others", and which is only quoted to show how wrong is the idea of those "others" to the mind of the teacher in this Upanishad—and to use this question as evidence that the Upanishads taught confusedly what (certainly in this instance) is refuted, is astonishing exegesis. Moreover, the question of the second verse, which but repeats and paraphrases a statement of the first verse, and which is rendered in the *Britannica*, "How could the existent be born of the non-existent?"—this question is substituted in the *Britannica* for the direct statement of the first verse, though the reference given is to the first verse. But the question form was essential to support the thesis put forward in the *Britannica*. Mr. Johnston's rendering of the two verses contrasts strikingly in ease of expression and clarity of thought: "Being, dear, was in the beginning, one, without a second. But there are some who say that non-Being was in the beginning, one, without a second, so that from non-Being, Being would be born. But how, indeed, dear, could this be so? How from non-Being could Being be born? said he; but in truth Being was in the beginning, dear, one, without a second" (QUARTERLY, xxiii, p. 352; the first translation appeared in Vol. II of the *O. D. Papers*, July and September, 1894). Moreover, Mr. Johnston's commentary on these verses and those that follow meets precisely the philosophic difficulty raised in the *Britannica*. But that difficulty would seem to be a stock-in-trade criticism of the Upanishads by modern Sanskritists, for we find the *Cambridge History of India* (pp. 142-3) saying: "The Upanishads agree in regarding the absolute to be unknowable, and though they ascribe to it intelligence they deprive that term of meaning by emptying it of all thought. If the real is the absolute alone, the existence of the appearance of this world must be explained; but naturally enough the Upanishads do not successfully attempt this task. . . . The Upanishads were groping after truth and did not attempt to deduce all the consequences of their guesses at the nature of reality."

We meet the same difficulties, the same limited outlook and negative attitude, in Max Müller's and Professor Deussen's works. It is as if the majority of

European Sanskritists had deliberately closed certain doors in their own faces by refusing to believe tradition, or to credit Theosophy, the Wisdom Religion, not only with any rational basis, but for that matter, with any substantial existence at all; and then either prided themselves on their ingenuity in solving problems, or blandly announced that these were inexplicable. As a last resort there is an invariable appeal to "corrupt passages", "interpolations", and "primitive mentality"—the latter, we are to believe, flourishing about 800 to 600 B. C. In his Preface to the *Sacred Books of the East*, the first and fifteenth volumes of which contained his own translation and commentaries on the twelve Great Upanishads, Max Müller wrote: "Readers who have been led to believe that the Vedas of the Ancient Brahmans, the Avesta of the Zoroastrians, the Tripitaka of the Buddhists, the King of Confucius, or the Koran of Mohammed are books full of primeval wisdom and religious enthusiasm, or at least of sound and simple moral teaching, will be disappointed on consulting these volumes. Looking at many of the books that have lately been published on the religions of the ancient world, I do not wonder that such belief should have been raised; but I have long felt that it was high time to dispel such illusions, and to place the study of the ancient religions of the world on a more real and sound, on a more truly historical basis." Let us compare this discouraging and typically modern approach with that of Mr. Johnston, in *The Theosophist* for March, 1889, ten years after Max Müller's first volume on the Upanishads had appeared, and five years after his second:—

> No event in the intellectual history of the nineteenth century is, perhaps, of so great importance, and likely to produce such fruitful results, as the arrival in the West of the sacred monuments of Indian thought, and the birth in Europe of that knowledge of Oriental thought and language which will ultimately render accessible to all who think and read the venerable philosophies of India, teeming with lofty conceptions of spiritual things, and unfailingly presenting to man the highest ideals of his nature and of his latent divinity. Coming as it did, at a critical period in Europe's intellectual history, when the ecclesiastical fabric which had been laboriously constructed during centuries was already beginning to crumble and break to pieces, and when the tide of thought was inevitably driven to make a new advance, the lofty transcendental literature of India has already had, and will continue to have on the thought of Europe, a beneficent, sanative, and elevating influence.[2]

Comparing these two points of view, there are those who still prefer to accept the guidance of "a student of the Upanishads, steeped in the golden air of Eastern Wisdom", in the phrase of *The Parables of the Kingdom*, rather than that of one who does not even find in them "sound and simple moral teaching", let alone "primeval wisdom and religious enthusiasm". To modern scholarship there was, and could have been, no Ancient Wisdom, accumulated and handed down throughout the "prehistoric" ages, and this assumption (for there is no

[2] "Sanskrit Study in the West", p. 337.

proof against it) strikes at the root of the matter. Without this key, which Theosophy, and Indian tradition, supply, the difficulties are such that it is true, and will continue to be true, that "it is not always possible to extract the real idea on fundamental points". This is the case even with the clearest, and most generally sympathetic treatment of the Upanishads which the writer has seen, that of the Rev. Dr. A. S. Geden in Hastings' *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics* (Vol. xii, s. v., several pages; 1921).

Mr. Johnston was fully aware of the difficulties enumerated above, and he had already met and answered them some twenty-seven years before in *The Path* (Vol. viii, January, 1894):—

> Students of Oriental Theosophy, which finds its highest expression in the Ten Upanishads, are met at the outset by a serious difficulty which has proved a real stumbling-block in the way of many earnest disciples, and has almost completely veiled the true meaning of these most ancient mystical books for all who have approached them in a purely literary or philological spirit.
>
> This serious difficulty, which is caused by the symbolism of the Upanishads, requires two qualifications for its solution: first, some knowledge at first hand of the interior truths and realities represented by these symbols; and secondly, a certain acquaintance with the symbology of the great religions of antiquity. This ancient symbology is marked by such a uniformity in countries and times as widely separated as those which gave birth to the Vedas and the Book of Job, the Mysteries of Osiris and the Apocalypse, that, in view of these resemblances, not only is one led to infer an identity of inspiration underlying all ancient symbolism, but also that an acquaintance with the method of expression of one ancient faith will often give clear insight into the darkest passages of another.
>
> The source of this original identity of inspiration is not far to seek: for all of the ancient religions treat of the same subject, the mysteries of the interior development of man, and the understanding of the universe that is reached in the course of that interior development. It is evident that a complete and exhaustive understanding of the ancient scriptures and the mysteries of inner life which are hidden beneath their symbols can be attained only by those whose inner unfoldment has gone so far as to identify them with the spirit in which these ancient scriptures were written, the universal spirit of wisdom and goodness. But though a complete understanding of the whole meaning of books like the Upanishads is thus impossible for all but the highest and holiest Sages, one cannot follow the path of interior development, of the inner light, with earnestness and integrity, without gaining some insight into the hidden meaning of the symbols; and this, added to an acquaintance with other scriptures, may make clear much that seemed hopelessly obscure.

In such a light, the criteria of manuscript authority and philology fade into relative insignificance,—as Mr. Johnston wrote elsewhere, his purpose in translating was "to seize rather the spirit than the mould, the crystallized limitation

of spirit; to deal with ideas and ideals rather than with systems and words". These pregnant sentences show how fully Mr. Johnston, then twenty-six years old, had entered into the teaching and instruction of Madame Blavatsky and of Mr. Judge.

In the *Secret Doctrine* (1st ed., I, 269ff.), H. P. B. had written:—

> The Books of the *Vedanta* (the last word of human knowledge) give out but the metaphysical aspect of this world-Cosmogony; and their priceless thesaurus, the *Upanishads—Upa-ni-shad* being a compound word meaning "the conquest of ignorance by the revelation of *secret, spiritual* knowledge"—require now the additional possession of a Master-key to enable the student to get at their full meaning. The reason for this I venture to state here as I learned it from a Master. [Mr. Judge called special attention to this direct statement, and to the paragraphs that followed it.]
>
> The name, "Upanishads", is usually translated "esoteric doctrine". These treatises form part of the *Sruti* or "revealed knowledge", *Revelation*, in short, and are generally attached to the Brahmana portion of the Vedas, as their third division. There are over 150 *Upanishads* enumerated by, and known to, Orientalists, who credit the oldest with being written *probably* about 600 years B. C.; but of *genuine* texts there does not exist a fifth of the number. The Upanishads are to the Vedas what the Kabala is to the Jewish Bible. They treat of and expound the secret and mystical meaning of the Vedic texts. They speak of the origin of the Universe, the nature of Deity, and of Spirit and Soul, as also of the metaphysical connection of mind and matter. In a few words: They *contain the beginning and the end of all human knowledge, but they have now ceased to reveal it*, since the day of Buddha. If it were otherwise, the Upanishads could not be called *esoteric*, since they are now openly attached to the Sacred Brahmanical books, which have, in our present age, become accessible even to the *Mlechchhas* (out-castes) and the European Orientalists. . . . They were complete in those days, and were used for the instruction of the chêlas who were preparing for their initiation.
>
> This lasted so long as the Vedas and the Brahmanas remained in the sole and exclusive keeping of the temple-Brahmins—while no one else had the right to study or even read them outside the *sacred* caste. Then came Gautama, the Prince of Kapilavastu. After *learning* the whole of the Brahmanical wisdom in the *Rahasya* or the *Upanishads*, and finding that the teachings differed little, if at all, from those of the "Teachers of Life" inhabiting the snowy ranges of the Himalaya, the Disciple of the Brahmins, feeling indignant because the sacred wisdom was thus withheld from all but the Brahmins, determined to save the whole world by popularizing it. Then it was that the Brahmins, seeing that their sacred knowledge and Occult wisdom was falling into the hands of the "*Mlechchhas*", abridged the texts of the Upanishads, originally containing thrice the matter of the Vedas and the Brahmanas together, without altering, however, one word of the texts. They simply detached from the MSS. the most important portions containing the last word of the Mystery of Being. The key to the Brahmanical secret code remained henceforth with the initiates

> alone, and the Brahmins were thus in a position to publicly deny the correctness of Buddha's teaching by appealing to their *Upanishads*, silenced forever on the chief questions. Such is the esoteric tradition beyond the Himalayas.

This was written in 1888, the year Mr. Johnston began his translations. It is worthy of note that powerful opposition came again, and almost at once, from the Brahmins, when the Masters, through H. P. B., began anew to reveal "the esoteric lining of that which is contained in almost all the exoteric Scriptures of the world-religions—pre-eminently in the Brahmanas, and the Upanishads of the Vedas and even in the Puranas" (*S. D.*, I, 165; cf. QUARTERLY, xxvii, p. 1 ff., "The Ideal Brahman" by Mr. Johnston; and xxviii, p. 314 ff., "Letters From W. Q. Judge").

It was in November, 1893, that Mr. Judge enlisted Mr. Johnston for the task of translating systematically, and commenting upon, the Upanishads, and Shankara Acharya, for the benefit of the American *Oriental Department Papers*, which Mr. Judge published. In his notice of this to members of the American Section, T. S., and to subscribers, Mr. Judge concluded by saying: "The Oriental ideal is that the student should know the book by heart; the western is, 'Oh I read that before'. The readers should know the ideas by heart, not the words; this is the medium course."

In the last sentence lies a message to-day for us. We have the matured fruit of Mr. Johnston's life-long toil. The pages of the QUARTERLY, and his published volumes, provide the western student with the choicest selections from that great Eastern store-house, cast in finished literary form, and interpreted by one whose work will endure because it has about it intimations of immortality. It is a poignant thought to those who have read many times his recurring commentaries on "King Death and Nachiketas"—in the *Path*, in *The Song of Life*, in the QUARTERLY—that he has himself once again gone to face that "Great Initiator". But what he wrote in *The Irish Theosophist* when Mr. Judge died—instinct as it is with the spirit of the Upanishads—reveals how far that initiation can only mean for him a new step forward, as it also shows us how we may follow after him along the Path:—

> It is part of the strange, deceptive quality of things, that nothing should teach us so much of life, nothing should so much open our eyes to the grandeur and limitless possibility of life, as death, which is called the cessation of life. . . .
>
> There is—in a few souls vividly manifest, in many souls dimly felt, and in all souls at least dimly suspected—a quality of high reality which, when we meet and touch it, brings with it a keen sense of eternalness, of something that really is, and therefore cannot cease to be. This profoundly real light is the best gift the highest souls have to offer us; and the moment of testing the value of the gift, is the moment of their death.
>
> When that death has come, and we know quite certainly that we shall not by any possibility see them again in life, there comes to us—if we have fitly received their gift of light—a keen and lucid

sense of the closeness to us of that eternal part in them which we had felt during life; and, with it, a knowledge that this is the reality of our friend, not the outward form, faded by the waste of mortality. And that new reality—new, because not known before in its pure and isolated nature—has won a new world for us. For what we feel, close to us, is not in this world, as men speak of this world; nor does it approach us from the side of this world, or in the manner of this world, but in a new and hitherto inexperienced way, which we know to be not of this world, but of the mysteriously shining, mysteriously hidden world of death. In that newly gained world we have now a certain possession, a possession not of the dead, but of the living. More than that, as we cannot perceive the things of the real world in any way but by becoming them, by recognizing our real oneness with them; so, in thus gaining a possession in the kingdom of death, we really become, in a sense, at one with the kingdom of death, and, thus becoming death, we find that death is—life. . . .

For this very reason, perhaps, it is necessary that just those souls in whom we have felt most of reality, most of eternalness, should disappear from us into the darkness, in order that we may learn that our friend is there; in order that we may learn that the vanishing and dissipation of the outward, visible part, is no impairing or detriment to the real part, which is invisible.

This knowledge, and the realization of it in our wills, are gained with the utmost difficulty, at a cost not less than the loss of the best of our friends; yet, if the cost be great, the gain is great and beyond estimating, for it is nothing less than a first victory over the whole universe, wherein we come to know that there is that in us which can face and conquer and outlast anything in the universe, and come forth radiant and triumphant from the contest. Yet neither the universe nor death are real antagonists, for they are both only Life everywhere, and we are Life.

Q.

I died from the mineral and became a plant;
I died from the plant and re-appeared as an animal;
I died from the animal and became a man;
Wherefore then should I fear? When did I grow less by dying?

—Jalalu'd-Din Rumi.

WAR MEMORIES

XIV

Paris in 1918

WITH the death of those two English boys as a warm and glowing memory, my last days in that great military hospital of London came to an end; so too did my last days in England until long after the Armistice, for very shortly the way opened for me to go again to France where, in fact, my heart had been calling me all through the dark winter months. Great events were at hand, as all the world knew, and suddenly we realized that the old conditions of trench warfare which, on the western front at least, had been practically continuous since the autumn of 1914, had become a thing of the past; what we had grown to call "stationary warfare", now blazed into the most acute activity; a new era had opened.

The German High Command, partly, no doubt, in desperation, partly also because of the old habit of undervaluing the moral power of their opponents (France in particular), felt that the moment had arrived to put an end to the deadlock. On one hand, those nations that were in league with the Central Powers were greatly in need of having their confidence in the "All Highest" and his Armies restored; on the other hand, one of the most pressing difficulties was the German public itself, for there had been, and still was, a marked dissatisfaction that none of the grandiloquent promises of 1914 had materialized; that the War, instead of having been terminated in six weeks, with Paris a second-rate German capital, and England in a panic, suing for peace, was still, at the end of three and a half years, an undecided question; and perhaps most disconcerting of all, it could no longer be denied that the gigantic submarine effort to strangle Great Britain and so to intimidate France, had not accomplished its purpose. This internal unrest had become a serious menace, and something had to be done about it.

In the spring of 1918, Ludendorff, even more than Hindenburg, was the man of the hour. We now know what his plan for the great spring offensive was. Since Russia and the Near East could practically be discounted, and since Austria could look after Italy,—Germany, concentrating all her now liberated armies on the western front, would strike in rapid succession blow after staggering blow on the exhausted Franco-British forces, sending them, it was hoped, reeling backwards. But everything depended on time, and although the Germans made no secret of the fact that a gigantic offensive was to be launched, it was, of course, of the utmost importance to keep the Allies in uncertainty until the last moment, as to just where the first attack would be, thus giving them no opportunity to concentrate their own men and guns at that spot. The Germans had an immense advantage, not only numerically, but also be-

cause, inside their lines on the west, there was an involved but well-regulated and invaluable maze of railways, causeways, highroads, canals and waterways, these enabling the Germans rapidly and secretly to rush enormous masses of troops and artillery to any given locality, before the Allies were aware of what was taking place. The plan was that the first great blow should be dealt at a point on the Somme where the British line joined the French; it was to be such an onslaught that no resistance could possibly be strong enough to prevent the driving in of a great wedge here, and, by pressing the vantage until the two Allies were separated, the British right wing, which was to receive the sharpest initial attack, would be pushed back toward the sea, while the French, now without their support, would be easy to deal with when the time came. But there was another reason why Ludendorff felt that much of the success of his plan depended on the rapidity with which it was carried out: both French and British must be systematically and finally destroyed before the fresh American troops could be got into the field.

Even in a superficial study of history, it is always interesting to note the manner in which events (even the shadow of events), are repeated cyclically; and thus we find, in the German military plans of 1918, much the same dire need of haste which figured so largely in their plans at the beginning of the War in 1914. For to reach and seize Paris (thus presumably giving France her death blow), the sudden and terrific onslaughts must again be delivered in the west; the German Armies must again hack their way across the still sunny, if now scarred face of France—only this time there would be no mistake about securing once and for all the Channel Ports; the same ground would be traversed; the old battle-fields would again thunder with the great guns of the advancing and now wholly victorious German Armies, carrying everything before them—for how could they fail? Belgium was already dead, so it was thought; the British would have been penned into a narrow space between the Somme and the sea coast, and could be annihilated at any convenient moment; while France, already moribund, would be on her knees, where Germany had longed so ardently to see her.

Any history of the War will tell the details of what followed that first great German offensive in Picardy, in the earliest morning light of March 21st, 1918, when forty-two fresh German divisions, with picked shock-troops incorporated, hurled themselves on nineteen British divisions of half-exhausted men; of how, owing to a dense and soaking fog which completely hid the silently-advancing enemy, creeping up to their very lines, the British were taken by surprise, and there were great and terrible initial losses—though the breach in the line which the Germans made was patched up, and they did not succeed in separating the British from the French; then, of how the Germans, true to schedule, next turned upon the French in a monster attack on the heights of the Aisne; of the heroic and stubborn resistance, even in a temporarily forced retreat; of the *Second* Battle of the Marne—the cyclic recurrence of that first great event in September, 1914—when, though they launched their offensive on a front of fifty miles, and got eight divisions south of that river barrier—as on the former

occasion, the Germans could not get an inch farther. An historian of the Great War has written: "By a fateful coincidence, the Germans had been drawn imprudently into a position closely resembling their situation on the eve of the First Battle of the Marne, and in almost the same localities",—but it was not a coincidence, it was a cyclic recurrence, and although at the moment, the French were spending themselves in an unyielding resistance in the sector east of Rheims, where General Gouraud was more than holding his own, the violence of their counter-attack between Belleau and a point west of Soissons (an attack made by General Mangin and General Degoutte), was so terrific, that in less than four days the final turning point of the War had been reached; the great and final German retreat had begun, and even Ludendorff and Hindenburg must have realized that once more they had miscalculated.

It was the supernatural serenity of the French in the very face of the overwhelming disaster which threatened them, the living splendour of their faith, their almost legendary spiritual valour which were the real, though unseen barrier before which the very pick of the German Armies proved impotent. How singular it is that the Germans have never been able to grasp the simple fact that moral and spiritual power have always been, and will for ever be more potent in any *real* and *lasting* sense than brute force! In their lack of appreciation of this obvious truth (something which has been proved over and over again throughout the ages), is to be found the source of their truly mystifying blindness. This peculiar kind of blindness or stupidity was so patent in Occupied Belgium and in "*le Nord dévasté*" that anyone who was there can neither wish nor expect ever to forget it. There is a story told of a common French soldier, a humble *poilu*, severely wounded in the First Battle of the Marne, who was met hobbling along the Avenue de la Grande Armée on his crutches, in November, 1914. Asked what he thought about that great conflict, he answered simply: "They thought they could get Paris. They will *never* get it, our beautiful Paris. They would have to walk over bodies, not only of soldiers, but of women and children, before they could get in."

It must have been toward the end of April that I again started for France, this time not in a nurse's uniform, but in Khaki. I had joined a unit which undertook many different kinds of work other than nursing, but whatever the work might be which its members would be called upon to do, *all* the work, of whatever nature, was guaranteed to be consecrated to the French. I had not the least idea what was ahead of me when I left London; I only knew that Paris was my immediate objective; the rest would take care of itself. Once more there was all the red tape to be gone through in getting expeditiously out of one country, and arriving successfully in the other—and no matter how many times you went through this performance, you always found that a few yards (or miles) of official red tape had been added in the interim, so that no departure or arrival was likely to grow stale through much handling on your part. A pleasant sense of novelty kept your interest sharpened, no matter how many times you came and went. Besides which, the news from France was,

at that moment, so appalling that, even after you had got your permission to leave on a fixed date, you had to face the fact that, at the eleventh hour, your departure might be cancelled, perhaps because all Channel crossings were temporarily suspended, or, worse yet, because your presence in France was not so absorbingly necessary that the French Government cared to take the responsibility of having you on French soil—a delicate but conclusive way of imparting the crude fact that, when all was said and done, you were not of very much importance anyway! It took not a little luck to get across at certain of the blackest moments. However, I *was* in luck, and the day (or rather night) I had chosen, proved auspicious.

The boat train from London to Southampton, after a pleasantly familiar little squeak on the part of the engine (a shrill squeak which really represented a whistle), puffed smoothly and demurely out of Waterloo Station, as though it had never even heard of the War. Why get into a flutter because of a War? "Business as usual" asserted that cheery little squeak—and off we rolled. I remember how damp and chilly it was that night, and how dark it looked (or perhaps my own vitality was not at its best, in view of the recent news from the front), and although I had on my great coat, I wrapped myself up in my steamer rug as well, settled back in my corner of the, naturally, unheated compartment, and fell to thinking. I had relatively few travelling companions—travelling was not encouraged for many obvious reasons—and this first part of the journey passed uneventfully.

At Southampton we all tumbled out, and passed like sheep for their shearing, through a wicket gate, and so into the hands of Scotland Yard and the French *Sûreté*. Again penetrating eyes were levelled on me, eyes which looked me through and through and up and down; experienced eyes which (even though I was not at that moment embarrassed by a specially guilty conscience), made me feel that there was sure to be *something* wrong with me—you always felt like a gold fish in a glass bowl when Scotland Yard was persuading you to tell it your whole history, from beginning to end. However, I got through without anything more than the usual and necessary formalities, though it was a good two hours I should think, before we were allowed on board. As we walked down the wharf and approached the Channel boat, silently rocking in the dark, it looked at first like a lonely black hulk—not a light visible. Once inside it was cheerful enough, however; the heavily covered gangways and port-holes making a moderate interior illumination possible, while not infringing on the "Defense of the Realm Act". After our cold journey from London, and our rather dismal passport delays, the dining saloon looked inviting, and we all streamed in there, taking whatever places we could find, the stewards, having expected us long since, being on the alert to serve us, and then get rid of us for the night. Just opposite me at a corner table where I found a place, sat a nice, friendly, bourgeois French couple—a large, heavily-built man with a rather delicate-looking wife, to whom he began talking volubly about "*Londres*" and "*ces bateaux*" and "*images sur la Tamise*" and so on. I had not the least idea what it was all related to, but for some reason, this French

name for the good old river always makes me smile, and for some reason that Frenchman and his wife noticed me smiling, and smiled back—the best kind of introduction. The steward now came bustling up to us, skilfully balancing several plates of beef and ham on his arm, inviting us to make our "choice", and we, being by this time quite accustomed to taking without protest whatever we were given to eat (rationing being all in the day's work), meekly accepted this cold and arbitrary provision against the pangs of hunger. The little French woman opposite, and I, began to peck at ours, but my large Frenchman, who looked as though his appetite were at its very best, tucked his table-napkin comfortably into his collar, spread it neatly across his chest, and, after cutting off a piece of bread for himself, fell to, that diminutive slice of beef disappearing in no time. He must have been momentarily unmindful that the rationing laws in Great Britain were, at this period at least, far more strict and limited than they were in France, for, politely but imprudently, he beckoned to the steward and asked, in broken but quite good English, if he might now have a plate of ham. The incredulous look, the look of scandalized astonishment which came into the face of that waiter, was well worth seeing. If his country had been openly attacked he could not have been more instantly on the defensive, and his rebuke could be heard all over the dining saloon.

"'am sir? Suttingly not, sir! If yer're still 'ungry I'll give yer a little bit o' cheese, if yer wants it, but yer can't 'ave nothink more to eat to-night."

My good French couple looked in some surprise, but with the never-failing French courtesy, across the table at me, thinking, perhaps, that they had not understood, but by this time everyone around us (themselves eventually included), had gone into gales of laughter, and the steward, retiring behind his wounded official dignity, disappeared. Then we all trooped off to our various cabins, and at some hour of the night, I felt the boat slip her moorings and move silently out into the deeper waters of the Channel, where death might well be lurking; but we knew that the Admiralty had its fatherly eye on us; that we had the usual destroyer escort, even though we could not see it, so what did *we* care for a periscope more or less, as we glided noiselessly on toward the coast of France!

Again an early morning arrival at Havre; the wearisome cross-questioning about your reasons for coming in the first place, and what you were really going to do in the second place—and, of course, there was always a third and a fourth place, and so on and on. But at last, the minute inspection over, I was allowed through, and after several hours spent with friends who lived just out of town, I took the afternoon train for Paris, arriving as on the former occasion two years earlier, quite late at night, and in a city blacker, if possible, than ever. Again I passed submissively through the customs of the Gare St. Lazare; again I secured a bent and shuffling old porter to carry my suit-cases up the Rue d'Amsterdam, across the Place de l'Europe, and so on up the Rue de St. Pétersbourg to the same small hotel at which I had stopped on the former occasion. Once more the heavy door was swung open by the old concierge who had first assured me cheerfully: "*On ne dort plus à Paris*"; once more Madame

came wheezily out of the shadows of her office to welcome me; to remind me again that I must thank *le bon Dieu* who had preserved me thus far from the bomb-dropping German *avions;* once more I climbed the stairs of this erst-while convent, to a tiny cell at the top of the house, and, after carefully closing the shutters of my window, so that no least beam could escape through them from the inside, nor one least breath of air penetrate from the cool convent garden outside, down into which my window looked, I turned on the electric light and began to unpack my bags. It must have been about eleven o'clock when, just as I was excavating their contents for the various things I needed, that miserable little electric light (about two candle-power, I should think), gave a weary sigh, as it were, and went out, I being left in a pitch dark and perfectly strange room, without a single match—for, of course, even if you were fortunate enough to possess any of these strictly rationed commodities, you could neither get them out of England nor into France. No one had told me that in Paris, at eleven o'clock, martial law dictated that all electric light should be shut off—so how was *I* to know? Then I remembered a treasure which had been given me as a parting gift—a new invention at that time, I believe, though common enough now—a cigarette lighter. With your thumb you turned a little metal wheel, which struck against a piece of flint, and behold, a spark which ignited the petrol with which you had filled the tiny tank. The miniature flame was quite as good as a candle, and although the petrol itself was at this time worth its weight in gold to the humble civilian (by no means easily procurable at *any* price), I trusted to my usual luck for getting more when I needed it, and by the light of this Aladdin's lamp I was able to "carry on" quite successfully. As a matter of fact, that small lighter of mine served me well on many another such occasion in later days.

The next morning I was awakened by a strange sound; not very loud, so it must have been the strangeness itself which roused me; a sound, moreover, for which I felt an instant and unaccountable aversion. In fifteen minutes it came again—a kind of muffled, thudding, convulsive shock like something immeasurably heavy falling and crushing the world. Just then the maid came in with my *café au lait* (only a teaspoonful of milk at that), and a bare hunk of brownish bread which made me laugh, remembering the pre-War days of *croissants* and paper-thin pats of sweet butter, afloat in a white, oblong dish of clear, cool water.

"What *is* that horrid sound?" I asked her, rather irritably.

"*Mais madame! C'est la Grosse Bertha*", she exclaimed, looking at me in surprise, as though I were a kind of freak not to have recognized at once what all Paris was now so well accustomed to.

For some reason I did not like that sound one bit; and for some reason which I cannot explain, it was several days before I could get used to it. Air raids had become almost commonplace, besides which you always had a warning; you knew pretty well what to expect, and more or less how to act. But there was something peculiarly sinister (or so it seemed to me) about that long-range gun on Paris. It left a furtive, treacherous impression, hard to describe; the feeling

that someone was trying to stab you in the back. However, this was eventually shaken out of me when I saw the effect (or lack of effect!), which this new mode of warfare had on the Parisians, for (even though, on one or two occasions, I was quite near when a shell found its mark, doing considerable damage, and resulting in some loss of life), I had daily opportunities to observe their complete unconcern or, as perhaps one might call it at times, their amused interest. When "Big Bertha" sounded, on its fifteen minute schedule, you would see people, walking near you in the street, pull out their watches, and say jocularly, one to the other: "They're two minutes over time—wonder if they've gone to sleep by chance", or: "Perhaps they're running out of ammunition—they skipped that last '*mauvais quart d'heure*' ". You cannot demoralize, you cannot intimidate the Parisians.

It had been arranged that I was not to begin my work (whatever that work might be when the moment came), for a couple of days, so later in the morning I took a tram to the Madeleine, and walked slowly through the Rue Royale to the Place de la Concorde. What a blow I had! Paris seemed to have become an American city. That great, splendid, open space literally swarmed with American officers and "doughboys", who, I saw at a glance, made themselves not only very much at home, but both heard and felt in every direction. I had been almost oblivious of the American Army until then, though I had listened to many tales of the new arrivals while I was still in England—tales (sometimes rather astonishing tales), from Salisbury Plain where many Americans were under training in camp. But I had come little into contact with them, and for some reason, I had not expected to do so. What was my surprise when I now found myself suddenly plunged into an ocean of khaki-clad men from "the States", all talking at once; all with that indescribable air of owning the whole place; that indefinable air of saying: "We've come over here to win the War for you!" I believe that to a very great extent they were quite unconscious of this—for the American heart is a most generous one; I believe they did honestly feel that theirs *was* "God's own country"; that "God" was justly more mindful of the U. S. A. than of France or England or any of the other Allies—and in a sense this was natural, perhaps it was even as it should have been, for, after all, America was *their* country, for which they were fully prepared to die; but, while I was thankful to the very depths of me that they had joined us at long last, I could not forgive these late-comers for seeming to ignore, or, worse yet, to belittle the splendour of the Allied struggle of three and a half years—a forgetfulness prompted by that youthful love of boasting which has become so habitual with us that we no longer think of it as such. But to the on-looker there could be no mistake, and I felt thoroughly ashamed. In front of the *Cercle de la Rue Royale* the crowd was thickest, and it was with something akin to surprise that I caught a glimpse, now and then, of a French officer, threading his way inconspicuously through it, his heart bent wholly on his work—he looked almost out of place, as if he did not belong there in Paris at all! Then I noticed two *poilus*, *permissionnaires*, stroll up, and stand modestly on the outskirts of that restless, rather spectacular khaki crowd, looking on as though at a mag-

nificent show. They appeared rough and uncombed; their uniforms were faded, soiled with the filth of the trenches, and did not fit them; their boots were huge and ugly and worn—*those men had seen service!* And there they stood, this rather shabby-looking pair, evidently a trifle abashed, a bit awed by the smartly-equipped, garrulous new army which had come over to their country,—but completely lost in an ungrudging admiration. Two more *poilus*, equally unkempt, joined them; and this little group of battle-begrimed men, men who had been tried in the fiercest fire through all those agonizing years of bitter struggle, these French soldiers were yet so unassuming that, in simple, child-like wonder, a kind of silent deference, they stood there humbly before this still-untried self-confident crowd of American soldiers. I could not bear it, and I moved away.

I walked across the Place, over to the embankment, and stood there looking at the dear Seine, so beautifully green, so cool, so silent, so full of memories; so unlike that chattering crowd which I had just left.

"That is the trouble with us", I thought, mindful that, after all, I too was an American; "we have so few memories. How can we be silent? I believe most people talk either because they want to forget, or because they have nothing to remember. What have *we* to dream about, to brood upon? The things of to-day only—we have almost no yesterdays."

A few young American soldiers sauntered slowly past, as usual all talking at once, till the huskiest of them succeeded in talking down the others.

"Gee! they're queer fish, these old froggies! Why it takes them a week to do what we'd do in an hour, back home in little old New York, and think nothing of it, neither. Say, the other day. . . ."

"Oh shut up!" broke in another, who felt it was his turn to speak, " . . . but say, won't they be surprised when we've kicked the Boches out of France for them? Gosh! It's taken them long enough to do it for themselves!" And they moved out of earshot.

I spent my two days of exemption wandering about Paris, visiting old, familiar places; noting the changes. And everywhere I went I met the Americans—good-natured, impulsive, warm-hearted Americans—but somehow they did not yet seem to fit into their surroundings. The British came and went as a matter of course; an Italian now and again was a wholly natural sight, but America was not yet an integral part of the picture, and I could not seem to make it so.

At the end of those two days, I reported at the headquarters of the organization I had joined, and was given at first all kinds of odds and ends of things to do—office work connected with hospital records (entries into the Val-de-Grâce, or dressings delivered to some "Hôpital Chir", an abbreviation we adopted for *chirurgie*—I hardly remember what), and a good deal of running about town doing commissions. But the news from the front was getting worse each day; terrified refugees were pouring into Paris from the north and from the east; all the highroads were choked with them; thousands trudged along the *route du canal* leading through Meaux; some of the railway stations were being literally inundated with them; the incoming crowds so dense that they threatened to

interfere with the outgoing troops, and the authorities came to us and begged our help. So it happened that a nice French woman (who was also working for my organization) and I, were appointed to open a *vestiaire* in the Gare de l'Est (there was another opened at the same time in the Gare du Nord), this work being to a certain extent connected with the American Red Cross, though really quite independent of it. In fact Madame V—— and I were given perfect liberty to go ahead on any lines we chose to map out, providing we carried the work through, the special committee back of us promising to supply all the clothes we needed for our refugees. Both of us had done refugee work before—she at the time of the First Battle of the Marne, I at Ghent, in the early days of 1914—so each supplemented the other very well. But I believe there is hardly anything more difficult in the sense of being unsatisfying, than refugee work, and those poor creatures, hounded from their homes for the second time, needed far more than just clothes. There never was time, however, to give them anything but the bare necessities of life, before the French authorities (naturally averse, at a moment like this, to having the city flooded with thousands of civilians who did not belong there, and who could not possibly be housed)—before the French authorities, represented by the American Red Cross, packing them into huge *camions*, hurried them across town, mostly to the Gare de Lyon, where they were again packed into trains which took them to the south, far removed from the sound of guns, and where they could wait for better days. The average French peasant is both hardy and resourceful, and he does not easily lose heart; but most of those who passed through our hands were either little speechless children, speechless with fright and with fatigue, or very old people who had hoped to die by their own firesides (and how the French peasant loves his hearth!); yet here they were, fleeing again for their very lives, with ruin and death behind them, and an uncertain fate, perhaps to them far worse than death, ahead of them. You hardly ever heard a complaint (the French do not complain), but most of them were so dazed that you felt you were trying to help people who were walking in their sleep. I must confess I have little recollection of individual cases, for they came in enormous numbers, pitiful, dumb crowds, and once they had been given the necessary outfit of shoes or underwear or shawls or aprons, there was a silent look of gratitude which told a far more tragic story than their halting words could possibly have done, after which they were swept away from us like chaff before the wind, and we never saw them again; we never even *thought* of them again! How could we? For almost before we had time to rearrange our tumbled stores of clothes, so as to be ready for the next rush, another trainload would arrive, and there would be a repetition of the pitiless haste; there would be the same desire to snatch one moment (oh, just one moment!) to show a touch of human sympathy—something beside that clock-work giving out of those horrible shoes and shawls and aprons. My memory of those rigorous weeks is blurred; I seem only to recall a torrent of white, tragic faces carried rapidly past—faces all much alike, as refugee faces somehow grow to be; a swift-coursing river of white faces, whirled out of sight in a moment of time, faces which passed and passed and passed,

with now and again an instant when you could really look into the eyes of one of those shadowy, dream people whom you were never to see again; an instant when, perhaps, you could call hopefully (though it sounded like mockery): "*Courage! vous allez bientôt vous remettre!*" and hear a low voice, across a widening space, as the speaker was hurried away: "*Que Dieu vous bénisse, madame!*"—and that river of human lives would flow on, out and away. My co-worker and I used to be at our post at half past seven every morning, and it was often toward midnight before we turned homeward, and sometimes it was very hard to get home at all, for the air raids were really frightful at this time, and there were nights when they seemed almost continuous—you might have to bury yourself in some wretched *abri* till nearly dawn, impatiently listening for the sound of the bugles which was the "all clear" signal,—and this merely in order to preserve your life for your refugees only two or three hours hence; while getting to work again when the appointed morning hour arrived, was often accompanied by the thudding of the long-range gun. I do not now remember how long we kept this up, or just when that *vestiaire* changed hands, but in looking back on those crowded weeks it seems like an eternity—a monotonous, dull grey, rather passive, stupefying eternity of little whimpering children whom you could not help, and dry-eyed old people, too dulled by misery for tears, stripped of a decent place in which to die; old, old people, wandering in their sleep.

There was a part of the Gare de l'Est which drew me like a magnet, however, and once in a while, when the opportunity came (I used to steal my lunch half hour if I could do so unobserved), I would escape there for a few refreshing moments. It was a part of the station where the *poilus* passed—those who were returning home for their well-earned rest (eight days in every four months, I think it was), and those who were going back to the front, the eight days being over; and strange as it may seem, almost invariably I found those returning to their regiments the liveliest and the happiest. This is not imaginary on my part; others noted it too. It was not, as one man told me, that he felt indifferent to the short time at home with his wife and his children; *of course* he liked it; but the trouble was, they did not always understand that life did not look the same to him now; the things that, in the old days, seemed so important, so necessary, he could now brush aside without regret, he was no longer eager for them in the way he used to be—and that sometimes hurt the good home folk. How could you expect them to understand this, when (he had to confess) he sometimes wondered at it himself; wondered why he felt so strongly about it; but what did a man care now, *ma foi*, for all those little pleasures, those little comforts! So these two tides of *poilus*—the home-coming and the outgoing—held me captive. I loved these dear, weather-stained, trench-stained, often grotesquely rough and shabby men, with those steadfast eyes of theirs, so responsive, so whole-hearted, and many a chat did I have with them, mostly with the returning-to-the-front ones, as they waited, *sac au dos*, for the summons: "*En route!*" Then off they would clump, cheerfully climb into the rude trucks used by the railways for the transportation of troops, and so, back to the firing line which had now become their real home. Many a man has told me, under his breath as

it were, that he has actually suffered from acute homesickness when on leave. He has come out gaily to his allotted time *en repos*, but after a few days he began to miss his comrades, to miss them passionately, to miss his routine work, to miss the danger and even the overwhelming fatigue.

"So you see, madame", said one, in answer to my question, "*that* is why we go singing back to the trenches".

"Do you wish sometimes that the War would end?" I asked him.

"*Peut-être*", he answered, reflectively, then, with conviction, "*enfin oui, mais pas encore: 'faut aller jusqu'au bout, madame.*"

All this time we in Paris had been perfectly conscious that the Germans were creeping nearer, though few of us knew what was really happening at the front. We *sensed* what was going on, but the public in general was naturally "spoon fed" with news—inevitable at a time like the one through which we were living—and the details which we now know, we only guessed then. There had been terrible fighting in the north, and over to the east. The Germans, bearing their full weight on the French, had carried the Chemin-des-Dames, and had crossed the Aisne; they had attacked at many points between the Oise and the Marne, and on the first of June were at Villers-Cotterets, only a little over forty miles from Paris. All through June there were attacks and counter-attacks; some progress, more loss. The British gained ground south of Meteren, and there was desperate fighting near Vieux Berquin; the American troops distinguished themselves at Château-Thierry, where they received their baptism of fire, and there was no question of their gallantry once they got in the field—but the Germans crept nearer, despite it all. So June passed.

Toward the end of June we began to hear the pounding of the approaching guns more distinctly than hitherto, and there were rumours that the French Government was politely but emphatically requesting all strangers to leave not only Paris itself, but the war zone altogether—how thankful I was to be among the irrevocably employed! There was no suggestion that the Germans would or could enter the city, but it might well be bombarded (at *close* range this time), and the fewer people there were to get themselves damaged, the easier for the French Government. My organization called a meeting, at which we were told that it was not at all unlikely we should be obliged to withdraw in order to carry on our work. It was not yet decided just where we should find it best to go, but the situation was considered so serious that means for transportation (in case evacuation became necessary), had already been arranged in detail, and we must all be prepared to start at a moment's notice. I cannot say that this news pleased me. Why should not our work be made even more valuable in a menaced Paris, than in a Paris reasonably safe? And I began to wonder how I could persuade those in charge of our unit to allow me to stay behind, and "carry on" in some other way suggested by them. Leave Paris at a moment like this? *Jamais de la vie!* The question of removal remained undecided for the immediate present, however, and, as things turned out, it never took place at all.

The Fourth of July was approaching—Independence Day—and my organiza-

tion was to give an entertainment for five hundred Americans. Myself an American, I was commandeered for the occasion, Madame V—— being given a substitute during my absence. That is how I chanced to see the march of the American troops, escorted by the French, as they defiled down the Champs-Elysées to the Place de la Concorde, where there was to be a finishing ceremony in front of the Statue de Strasbourg. It was a perfect morning, and all the houses, the shops, even the taxi cabs were flying the Stars and Stripes; wounded soldiers were selling them at all the corners, pinning them on the coats of the passers-by; the streets were thronged with vivacious crowds—crowds moving slowly about; expectant crowds, stationary along the curb, but enthusiastic crowds wherever you turned your eyes, and this, even though we had been warned that the Germans might well choose the moment to drop a bomb or two among us. I think everybody in Paris (French, English, Americans—such quantities of Americans!), must have turned out for that occasion, for you could hardly get about the streets, and every window looking on the Place de la Concorde was full; people were on all the surrounding roofs, and many young people had climbed into the branches of the chestnut trees on the Champs-Elysées, which looked its radiant best in the golden sunshine. As I had taken up my position not far from the Ambassadeurs, I did not see the opening ceremony of that Fourth of July parade, when the Avenue du Trocadéro had its name changed in honour of America, but while we were waiting at our end of the line of march, I heard a sudden roaring sound, and saw that from the direction of the Tuileries, just over the tops of the trees, came rushing a huge aeroplane. It passed right over our heads, flying so low that I had an imperative instinct to "duck"; it actually rustled the leaves of the *marronniers* (and what the small boys who were clinging precariously to the tree-tops must have felt like, I cannot think!); it raced like a hurricane up the great Avenue, rising higher and higher as it approached the Arc de Triomphe, when, with a marvellous, wide-sweeping turn that made me think of some very beautiful skating I had seen years before at the Palais de Glace, back it came winging its irresistible flight and, just as it disappeared (to reappear a little later), over the roofs of the Louvre, we began to hear the sound of martial music off in the distance, and the column of troops swung into the Rond Point, and started down the Champs-Elysées, accompanied by the wildest cheering on the part of the thousands of spectators gathered to see it pass—cheering which seemed to reach us in advancing waves as the column moved nearer. It was headed by a double line of *cuirassiers* (nothing in the world like them for looks and bearing!), mounted on superb horses, and, with their bared sabres held erect, the sun blazing on their burnished breastplates and their helmets with the long black horsehair, they drew off on either side of the entrance to the Champs-Elysées, and there sat, erect and motionless. There followed a French military band; a line of officers, French and American; and after these, a long line of the American Marines who had so lately won their spurs. Battle-stained (and how thankful I was to see this with my own eyes at last!), they wore their battered trench helmets, carried their rather battered knapsacks, and looked as though they had come straight from their fierce fight in "Belleau

Wood". They marched magnificently, and were as fine a looking set of men as you could wish to see, and they seemed to carry with them a new kind of dignity, which first-hand experience almost always gives. Then after the Marines came a long column of the French, and *they* were straight from the trenches and battle-stained, of course, but they were taking an inconspicuous second place on this National Holiday of their new comrades-in-arms. Then more Americans; more military music; more *poilus*, and the last of this long column (with Red Cross, Y. M. C. A. and all the rest, bringing up the rear), swept like an ocean tide out into the Place de la Concorde, between those stationary double lines of *cuirassiers*, whose only movement throughout the whole ceremony had been to salute, with their bared sabres, whenever the colours passed.

The watching crowds around me had been at the highest pitch of large-hearted enthusiasm; America could not have received a more princely, a more chivalrous ovation; and one of the most moving things I have ever seen was a small group of blind French soldiers who had been guided through the crowds to a spot not far from me. I watched them with deep interest, for they were crippled as well as blind (they had been as badly knocked about as any men could be); yet when they were told that the American Marines from the Bois de Belleau were passing, I saw them tear their *képis* from their heads, so that their poor sightless eyes were the more exposed, while in the complete self-forgetfulness of their admiration, they waved those frayed old caps of theirs in the air, cheering, shouting: "*Vivent les Américains! Vivent nos Alliés!*" I had been feeling a rising tide of remorse, an increasing sense of culpability, and now my very soul was in revolt. *Why* had we not come sooner; *why* had we waited all through those years of inexpressible suffering, of heroic fortitude, content to be, for the most part, hardly more than onlookers—"too proud to fight"! The French were so generous to us, who had been such laggards, and they thought we were being generous to them because we had come at all! They could not seem to do enough for us; how humbly grateful they were, how eager to show their gratitude—and we seemed to be accepting all this adulation as a matter of course! I felt the shame of it as I remembered Verdun and what I had seen there; as I thought of Douaumont and the dying men who had been brought to us through those dark, cold nights, the very stretchers on which they lay so patiently, literally soaked with their blood. It seemed incredible that we could have been so insensible to what the French were enduring, and now this triumphal march had been arranged for us, almost before we had begun to show what sacrifices we were really prepared to make. I could not look at it any longer; I had seen more than enough, and I turned away with a bitterness which I could not shake off.

An interval of a little over a week followed; the air of Paris was electric, yet everyone was calm. So far as I could see there was absolutely no evidence either of excitement or of apprehension. The most perfect restraint reigned, mixed with the keenest expectancy—it was this live-wire expectancy which made the air electric. There had been an ominous silence for several days; the Germans seemed suddenly to have fallen into a strange inactivity, but this did not deceive any of us; we knew that they were almost at our gates, that we were

on the eve of another great enemy offensive, and almost hourly we awaited the attack.

The Fourteenth of July, the *Fête Nationale* of the French, was at hand, and we heard that preparations were being made to celebrate it by an unprecedented march of troops—detachments from all the Allied Armies were to pass from the Porte Dauphine down the Avenue du Bois. It would be a splendid sight, and the day before, there was much discussion among the workers at the Gare de l'Est as to who would be able to go. Madame V—— and I, of course, could not consider taking a holiday from our refugees, since there was no one to replace us, but she told me that she was intending to celebrate the *Fête Nationale* on her own account, by going in the evening, after we had finished our work, to a midnight mass (I think it was that) at the *Sacré-Cœur*, and she asked me if I would go with her. The day was spent as usual, and it was late before we had finished tidying up, preparatory to the next day's rush, but we finally started, getting up there at about half-past eleven, I suppose. Agreeing that it would be best to pass our time independently of each other (as we had done on similar occasions), we arranged our place for meeting later on, so that we could return home together, and, after watching her disappear into the interior of the great basilica, I walked slowly along the wide terrace, alone in the summer darkness.

Anyone who has stood on the Butte Montmartre at night, will remember the mysterious, haunting beauty of that view; the strange, soaring exaltation you feel, as though all the sorrows of the world had been left far, far below in the shadows, down into which you now look. It is an experience which is not confined to the first visit only; it may be repeated each time you climb that steep ascent. On this night, Paris lay under a grey veil, sombre and still. Not a light could be seen; hardly so much as a faint glow; and it was so late that no sound rose to where I stood at the edge of the terrace—which in the darkness makes you feel as though you were standing on the margin of the world; there was only the sound of the night breeze which always blows up there. It is easy to lose all sense of time at a height like that—you are only conscious of great space—so I paid no attention to the minutes as they flew; I did not know how much time had gone by. But suddenly the perfect stillness of that summer night was violently shaken; shattered in an instant; and from the serene aloofness of that wonderful elevation I felt myself plunged headlong, as it were, into the very thick of battle, for the thunder of a cataclysmic bombardment seemed actually to leap out of the silence and the dark. I was completely bewildered at first, the shock had been so rude, the transition so acute, and I could not seem to get back to my surroundings; but looking in the direction from which the roar of the guns had burst, I saw that off to the east the horizon was lit by an angry glare, and that a wild, flaming, pulsating light streamed to the very zenith of the heavens—the darkness of the night had vanished at a stroke. Then, with almost equal precipitation, there came another sound—the sound of thronging feet; feet coming in hot haste; countless feet surging up the long flight of stone steps leading from the foot of the hill. Literally hundreds of Parisians climbed the Heights of Montmartre that night, and soon every inch

of space seemed filled; filled with crowds which for the most part were silent—the silence of a great suspense. For it was a stupendous drama that we were watching, off there to the east; the titanic explosions which we heard so plainly, alone told of the magnitude of this last enraged but hopeless attempt to wrest Paris from the hands of the French; we knew that the die was being cast; I believe we all knew in our hearts that this was the final turning-point of the War—the turning-point for which we had all been waiting. We had an absolute, an unshakable faith that there could be but one end, yet, as the night slipped away, and that living flame in the east deepened and grew in intensity, the lightning flashes from the monster guns never ceasing for a moment, we thought, with aching hearts, of our men out there; of what they were facing; of what was ahead of them in the days to come. I heard a woman's voice beside me, and turning, I saw that she was in deepest mourning, and that her hands were tightly clapsed: "*Seigneur, miséricorde!*" she prayed, with a passion of yearning. How many women of Paris must also be praying for the men they loved who were out there in that carnage!

It was toward morning before that dense crowd, gathered on the peak of Montmartre, under the sheltering walls of the *Sacré-Cœur*, began to break up. The guns were still roaring, but we each had our own scrap of work to do that day (how painfully insignificant that work was!), and we knew that this supreme struggle (which we now call the Second Battle of the Marne), had but begun; and as I started down that steep descent, reaching again the lower levels of the hillside, where the earth trembled under our very feet, I recalled with a pang of gratitude—because I knew it was what the whole of France was echoing—the words of the dear, rough *poilu* at the Gare de l'Est; words spoken with such simple, blunt conviction: "*'faut aller jusqu'au bout*".

VOLUNTEER.

(*To be continued*)

We live in deeds, not years: in thoughts, not breaths:
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

—P. J. BAILEY.

The truly great of heart are those who have learned to forget themselves.—DIDON.

LETTERS FROM W. Q. JUDGE

IV

IT must be difficult for present-day members of The Theosophical Society, who have joined our ranks since Judge's death, but who have grown up, theosophically, in "the Judge tradition", to realize that leading members and officers of a Society calling itself Theosophical, could have conspired against a fellow-member and brother-officer whom they had called their friend; could secretly have collected "evidence" against him, and then—to make such conduct worse—could have lacked the common decency, the honesty, the courage, to go with their "evidence" personally to the man they were accusing, to ask him for his explanation, before pronouncing him, even in their own minds, guilty. Yet that is exactly what Mrs. Besant, Olcott and others did and failed to do. Not one of them even claimed to have asked Judge for an explanation *before* condemning him. It was and is manifest that to treat any friend like that, was not only a violation of every theosophical principle, but proof that those who did it lacked—honour. His accusers *hid* their suspicions and their "evidence" until they imagined that their "case", as they called it, was sufficiently convincing, and then, suddenly, out of a clear sky, Mrs. Besant, as spokesman, wrote from a great distance (from India) and demanded that Judge resign! Not content with this, Mrs. Besant went so far as to claim that H.P.B.'s great Master approved her action,— Master M., the embodiment of chivalry, who, through H.P.B., as recently as 1889, had inscribed his own picture: "To my dear and loyal colleague, W. Q. Judge."

It is, as I have said, almost incredible; but it is true,—and those who did it were pledged to serve the cause of brotherhood![1]

"By their fruits ye shall know them." It is not surprising that the organization of which Mrs. Besant made herself the President, is and always has been rent by dissension: envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness, its one lasting product; internecine strife, its perpetual condition.

Following the Judge "trial" in London, Mrs. Besant hurried to Australia, there to work up a new "Section" of the Society so as to insure a majority vote against Judge on the General Council whenever she might deem it safe to renew her frustrated attack. Judge, meanwhile, after a brief rest at the home of the Griscoms near New York, did as he was urging others to do, and started a vigorous "campaign for Theosophy" by lecturing for Branches in Massachusetts, Maine, Rhode Island, Maryland and elsewhere.

The next public event of outstanding importance was the publication, in

[1] See the reprint in this issue of the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, of a pamphlet entitled *A Forgotten Pledge*, which deals directly with this subject, and which also gives particulars covering the foregoing statements.

the London *Westminster Gazette*, of the so-called evidence against Judge. Mrs. Besant had allowed Walter R. Old to retain copies of all the letters and papers which she, Olcott, Bertram Keightley, and Old himself, had collected. No one would have paid any attention to Old if Mrs. Besant had not adopted his "evidence" and merged it with her own. Old had been a clerk in Birmingham, England, where he had dabbled in "magic" of a shady and childish sort, to be finally rescued, not long before her death, by H.P.B., who gave him room and board at Avenue Road in an effort to set him on his feet. Old was a vain little man who, having studied "parlour conjuring", was prepared to explain theoretically how all occult phenomena might be produced without the employment of any occult power whatsoever,—just by trickery. It is an explanation which has always appealed to the half-educated, popular mind. Applying it, to his own complete satisfaction, to the phenomena connected with Judge—incidentally attributing to Judge the training and skill of a professional conjurer, none of which, it should be needless to say, did Judge possess—Old carried his "evidence" and his "explanations" to a rather brilliant young journalist named Edmund Garrett, who at once saw his opportunity: Theosophy, since the death of H. P. B., had been much in the public eye; he, Garrett, would expose it, once and for ever, as a gigantic fraud.

Reading Garrett's articles again to-day, it is not easy to see why they produced so shattering an effect in England. They are cleverly written, it is true, but are based entirely upon two big assumptions: first "everybody knows" that H.P.B. was a fraud; second, her pupil, Judge, necessarily was a fraud also. There were no such occurrences as "occult phenomena"; no such people as Adepts and Masters. Conjuring tricks, or quite ordinary tricks, without any conjuring, explained everything. But his chief weapon was ridicule, which he poured unstintedly upon everyone concerned,—including Mrs. Besant. This filled her with amazement and indignation, and especially with fury against Judge,—as if Judge were responsible!

"I propose to show", wrote Garrett, "that Mrs. Besant has been bamboozled for years by bogus 'communications' of the most childish kind, and in so ludicrous a fashion as to deprive of all value any future evidence of hers on any question calling for the smallest exercise of observation and common sense."

Mrs. Besant was stung, not by the attack on H.P.B. or on Theosophy, but by the ridicule of her own personality; and a proof of this stands out in the nature of her reply to Garrett's attacks. This reply, which she entitled "The Theosophical Society and 'The Westminster Gazette' ", was published in the London *Daily Chronicle*, and then in her own magazine, *Lucifer*, where it covered ten and a half pages. It did not contain one word in defence of H.P.B., not one word in defence of Theosophy or the Society: it gave half a page to the defence and praise of Chakravarti, and the remaining ten pages to the defence and vindication of herself.

So far as the general membership in Europe was concerned, the effect of the *Gazette's* attack was to make them run like rabbits. There were honourable exceptions, but a large majority of the Branches (Lodges) passed resolutions

calling upon Judge to reply at once to the accusations against him, and meanwhile to resign his office as Vice-President of the Society. The English members of that day could not bear being ridiculed,—and the *Westminster Gazette* was very widely read. The friends of members were inclined to say to them, "Well, *now* are your eyes open!" and as the members did not like this, they shielded themselves by repudiating Judge.[2] It is only fair to add, however, that many more might have stood their ground unfalteringly if their leaders in England had set them that example. "Avenue Road", with Mrs. Besant as its centre, represented "authority", and European members, having accepted that "authority", were unable to look beyond the person and position to the Principle and the Truth. They were tested, and most of them failed,—exactly as members in America were tested a few years later. In 1894, members in America, who had grown into the unfortunate habit, always condemned by him, of accepting Judge as their "authority", followed him. In 1898, most of them did as European members had done four years earlier: unable to recognize and follow a Principle, they followed Mrs. Tingley after she had failed.

Nearly all members, on both continents, believed in Masters, or said they did; nearly all of them wished, more or less, to draw nearer to Masters. They had been told from the beginning that the only right of the aspirant for chêlaship is to be tried; they had heard it stated a thousand times, on every kind of "authority", that a genuine desire for the Truth, regardless of personalities, preferences and prejudices, is essential in discipleship; they believed, theoretically, that it is the inner Light "which lighteth every man that cometh into the world", and that we should prove all things and hold fast that which is good; they believed, or thought they did, that "discrimination between the Real and the unreal" is one of the necessary qualifications,—yet, when the test came, they shut their eyes and clung to "authority" for fear of making a mistake. Neither in Europe nor in America was the test difficult. The treatment of Judge by Mrs. Besant spoke for itself; Mrs. Tingley's attempt to make the Society a department of her "Universal Brotherhood", with herself as supreme "Leader and Official Head", spoke just as loudly. No one is ever tested beyond what may rightly and fairly be expected of him. Even Mrs. Besant, in 1893, after she had surrendered herself to the highly magnetic influence of Chakravarti, and, in that condition, "heard" the Master's voice telling her to take action against Judge and "to wash away the stains on the T. S.", with the tell-tale addition: "Your strength was given you for this",—even Mrs. Besant *might* have laughed. Strong! It was Judge's effort to get her to stand on her own feet, which, as much as anything, threw her into the arms of Chakravarti. Strong! Of course she would have laughed,—if she had not believed it true. Yet, as a test, it was very simple: Masters do not flatter; Chakravartis do.

Well,—the majority of members failed, and it certainly is not for us to cast stones at them, for we, in other ways, doubtless have failed too, and perhaps as badly,—except, let us hope, for one vital difference: that we have seen our sins as sins, and have done our utmost to atone for them. "For this, O friend

[2] See again the reprint in this issue of *A Forgotten Pledge.*

Vaddha, is the advantage of the discipline of the Noble One, that he who looks upon his sin as sin, and makes amends for it as is meet, he becomes able in future to restrain himself therefrom."

There is this, also, to be said on behalf of the rank and file of those who went under in 1894 and 1898: the greatest emphasis had always been laid, and rightly laid, on loyalty to friends and leaders. The unfortunate "Che-Yew-Tsăng's" remarks on the subject in *Some Modern Failings*, almost inevitably, perhaps, had been interpreted in Europe as an appeal for loyalty to Mrs. Besant rather than to Judge. Many are slow to learn the difference between loyalty, and stupid, superstitious, blind acceptance of all that some older student may utter. They know, sometimes, the evils of self-opinionatedness, of intellectual conceit, and of what Judge called "the teaching perch", and their dread of those hideous weaknesses makes it difficult to find that hair-line, that razor's edge, which, we have always been told, are similes for the Path,—with a precipice on either side as further discouragement for the timid.

Even those who survived the test in Europe in 1894, and who realized that Judge stood for Theosophy, for H.P.B. and the Lodge, needed constant readjustment and moral support. Incapable of doubting Judge, some of us were inclined to take far too seriously the effect of the Garrett attacks on the membership-at-large, and were wondering, at times, if the cause of Theosophy in England were not irretrievably ruined. This was no mood in which to fight *constructively*, and Judge—who knew directly, as Foch saw by reflection, that no one is beaten until he thinks he is—relied chiefly upon Archibald Keightley, Mrs. Keightley and myself to begin at once to rebuild what Mrs. Besant was destroying. Ill with what proved to be his death-illness; keenly sensitive as every great Occultist must be; intensely human; full of the deepest solicitude and sense of responsibility for the very people who were attacking him; realizing to the quick that he had tried to give them his real heart and that they had flung it back at him with bitterness and contempt,—Judge suffered intensely, as everyone who loved him knew. Yet, for our sakes, and, above all, because he knew that the result of H. P. B.'s mission and her reputation as Lodge Messenger depended, on this plane, solely upon *his will*, he dominated his personality and its feelings, and created time and strength for the writing of letters which ring with power, cheerfulness, and the determination to wrest victory from every appearance of defeat. The valour of that man's heart is almost beyond belief. What he endured, still remains to be written. He who, "of all Chêlas, suffers most and demands, or even expects, the least"—as H.P.B.'s Master had written of him—having been tried as by fire through years of loneliness, of inner "desolation" (as mystical books speak of it), and every kind of outer obstacle and incubus, had forged for the service of Masters a will of flame and steel which he now used, not only to keep the Movement in being, but to project it forward to to-day and to our unknown to-morrows.

Let no one think, then, because he wrote with so light a touch of things in themselves tragic (the failure and degradation of souls), that he felt as lightly. He wrote to reinforce a young man upon whom he relied somewhat to pass on

to others the spirit of these letters; and he knew his "subject", knew how to inspire and stimulate and yet steady a youthful but inexperienced enthusiasm. He was an artist in that, as in so much else. Polished phrases and pious sentiments would have left me cold; Judge made me think and feel and act, made me meditate and reach up to heaven for whatever of fire I could seize there, that I might add that little to his consuming zeal for the Work,—the great Work of Masters in the world. Judge dashed off these letters like lightning; for a score of reasons, I loved them, and love them now; they are the letters of *a man;* and if anyone should think that they fall short of "the ideal"—considering the conditions and the need which evoked them—all I can say is: Think again.

The "old material", to which Judge refers in the following letter, was the "evidence" collected by Olcott, Walter Old, Bertram Keightley, and Annie Besant, which she had intended to produce and publish at the time of the "trial" in London (see the THEOSOPHICAL QUARTERLY, October, 1931; pp. 107-122), in the expectation that this would put an end to Judge as a power in the Theosophical Society.

The "centre" to be formed was at 62, Queen Anne Street, London,—a house rented by Dr. Archibald Keightley, where he and Mrs. Keightley lived, and where, on the ground floor, he had his consulting rooms and medical laboratory.

The American Asiatic and Sanskrit Revival Society was organized by Judge "for historical and scientific research in the ancient literature of India and other Asiatic countries", for "the collection, preservation, and translation" of Indian and other Asiatic manuscripts, and "to promote the revival of Sanskrit learning in India."

NEW YORK, November 19th, 1894.

My dear Son Keed:

Right you are. It is all a tempest in a tea pot from which we shall come all right, and the others who are not worthy will be burned below and above. My dear fellow take the ideas which you get from me underground and which you feel. In this case quiet work and steady confidence are all that Master wants for the present. Do not splurge too soon. Be strong as you are and go on with the work among the members, as you are, as much as you can, and while you may explain facts do not let anyone see bitterness or partizanship. Do not get hurried. Let Master alone now until I give the word, as I have here and there. All will come right. It is a big fight. The present attack is due to the dark side using the old material, and when it is done, then we can come in and do the other. At the present time Master could not come out with anything directly, for if he did, things would only be worse. The tiger will have a "smaile" on his face all the time as he has now. It will be no use to bring a suit at all. It is well for you to write me all the time so as to work off the force, and it will go to its effect, but be careful what you say to others by the pen. Re-read your letters after a day or so, and then condense and smooth out, or else they will get you to say something that will be no good.

The present row as you can see has dished up several persons, and matters are gradually coming to a head, so that, which King, Bensonian, will be very plain, and we shall all in the end be better off.

Of course what I said to Julius [Mrs. Keightley] to form a centre is right, and has been going on. This is not to be made a public thing, but no one can tell what will be the result. I can imagine a few possibilities. If at that centre all hurry and all partizanship are entirely laid aside, the forces for the Lodge will gather and circulate from there to all parts. Remember that partizanship is not good, and is different from steady and strong loyalty. Infuse all with that idea. God knows I should like to be there, but I must not stir long from this point, so, though I lecture, I come at once back here. It is expensive but necessary.

Perseverantia O puer! You are right. You can see some light where it is. Follow it and stay by it. Do you understand me? Do you see how confirmatory it is that Master made me do the circular and order just when these devils were at the *Gazette*, and lo Chakky [Chakravarti] is named, as he deserved, by both. Minds must work, and all we have to do is to let them. The American Asiatic Society was begun November 17th, '94, and you will have a prospectus soon . . ten dollars to come in . . and perhaps you will see a connection between it and the western seat of learning that Master told me of, and which all those high and mighty intimates of H.P.B. never suspected as being in her mind. Let us laugh a bit, my son, and proceed with the making up of the design on the board.

Well, I can say no more. Help at lists, and get names and addresses as you can, so we may have a list as complete as possible in case the blessed council will not come down.

Love to all, and to you my best as usual.

As ever,

WILLIAM Q. J.

NEW YORK, November 23rd, 1894.

Dear Ernest,

I only scribble this so as to send you some good steady forces for yourself. Hold it to your forehead a while. All is well. Armies are on the march for us. The rot and rubbish must be cleared out by the weight of that hand [Master M.'s], and then some work can be done.

Adios,

WILLIAM Q.

NEW YORK, November 26th, 1894.

Say Keed,

This is the most amusing scrape we ever were in. What an immense "advert." this is. Why, man, we couldn't buy such a thing. Proofs. Proofs

be d—d. What proof did they ever get from H.P.B.? None. The *Sun* gave me five columns of respectful editorial mention. Dished me up in fine style. Will try to send it for an evening over the carpet in the hall of magic at 62 [Queen Anne Street]. There are "buzzrs" in the air there. They are "moine". Let all those who enter there be inoculated.

Now see here, my boy. Just laugh and forget all the little details of persecution, prosecution, perversion, prevarication and all that, and set your grey matter steadily to work at the question, "How can we in any way, small or large, everywhere make use of this thing for the benefit of propaganda?" That is the question. It must be done. Don't let the leprosy of the Park [Regents Park, the district in which Avenue Road was situated] make you think that propaganda is dead in England. Devise, devise, devise, and have someone or yourself execute all sorts of things for propaganda: letters, articles, speeches, what not.

Also throw out now all over the land, and through Europe wherever is a little chance, some line in a letter. Not a personal letter, but some letter that will carry the idea. Urge that this row shows, and my attitude shows, that the T. S. does not call for belief in Masters, and that the doctrine of their existence is in evolution, and that it kills original sin invented by theology. I have written to the rest to go to work on the idea of propaganda, and to stop as far as possible dwelling on the row and the persons in it. Try by all means, and get others to do so also, to make 62 and its successor the real centre there, that is, not by way of opposition, but a centre where the real thing goes from. The old lady's line [H.P.B.'s] is hooked on there, and at 19 [Avenue Road] the blackies have their paw on everything little and big. Hence there is a stream of dirty light or colour going out from there that spreads disintegration all over the [European] Section. Something must be done to offset that, and I see no other place for it to go from, as it is now, than 62. 6 and 2 make 8, and 8 is my own number. Queer but true and not mere accident. Work it up my boy. I'd come and help, but they are trying to smash this centre, for if they could the whole edifice goes down. Would go over now but for that.

Have regular theosophical meetings at the place on some night in the week. Take Tuesday, my own night, for Mars, for this is war. That will synchronize with here [the meetings of the Aryan T. S.]. Have good meetings. Get good solid heart things out. If this is given out by no name in particular, it will soon be crowded. Better begin by invitation so as to control it. Capacity is not large, and besides I don't want a raft there. How is it down stairs? Have the meeting not by syllabus but as if impromptu, but all the same well arranged. Begin with A.K., then Julius, then you, then Alice [Mrs. Cleather, who had not yet turned against Judge] and James [J. M. Pryse, of whom the same was true], and I tell you, my dear, by the next month or so you will have just what we need. It can get notice in the papers if the right social reporter be obtained. Now all details I leave to you and Julius and dear old boy Archie, but get the thing done. That's all. As everly thine,

WILLIAM Q. J.

The letter of December 3rd was written by Judge in pencil, evidently in great haste and at great speed (he could write with amazing rapidity). Following the "Keed", he wrote the Sanskrit (Devanagari) equivalent for "Jr.", signifying "Junior", and instead of a Roman "J." as signature, he wrote that in Sanskrit. Charles Johnston told me that the Sanskrit lettering was perfectly formed, in spite of the speed and boldness of the writing, and that he had known other cases of Judge's fluent use, not only of Sanskrit, but of various Indian scripts.

NEW YORK, December 3rd, 1894.

Dear Keed [Jr.],

All right. Laugh, why I laugh forever. Keep in mind rebuilding and constructive works, for we shall need all we can do.

Letter to H.S.O. all right, only be very careful.

Wire all right. Write as good and perhaps better.

Sun of to-day prints me in full. Enclosed. Read and laugh. WORK, WORK, WORK. Cast no one out of your heart.

As ever,

[J.]

The first part of the following letter refers to the efforts of Mrs. Besant's supporters at Avenue Road to extricate themselves from an embarrassing position: they had practically certified articles I had written under the *nom de plume* of "Che-Yew-Tsăng", as the work of a Chêla, if not of an Adept; they were then confronted with the fact that I, an ardent supporter and follower of Judge, had written those articles. Unable to undo what they had previously said and written, they invented the explanation that I must in some way have "stolen" those articles. They were mistaken!

Judge's reference to the cover of *Lucifer* is explained by the fact that it had recently been changed from that approved and used by H.P.B., to a plain cover without any drawing of "The Light Bringer".

The postscript refers to H.P.B.'s letters to her relatives in Russia, which were appearing in *The Path*. They were being translated from the Russian by Mrs. Charles Johnston (Vera Jelihovsky), but I was supposed to correct the resulting English, and to be responsible generally for their preparation for the press.

NEW YORK, December 9th, 1894.

Dear Keedji,

Received yours in which you tell me of the wondrous lie they got up *re* your "steal" of Chew. Well, my boy, all right. As we have the proof, we can wait. But be careful to remember that when Mead asked me about the first articles, I then did *not* know who was the writer, and so told him. Next they will lie me. But there is a fine rope that stretches through the universe which now and then knots itself into hard kinks, and sometimes a knot gets caught about

a person's (K)neck, and thereupon he is hung. So don't worry. Those who are to be caught in a kink of this rope will be all the sooner if we let them alone. Then we can cut them down and save their lives. Ha! ha! in order to prove you a thief, they must trot out the real Chew. Funny, too, if you play on the name it will sound like Chew-your-blood, or tsang. But yet remember I told you I saw trouble in that thing.

Your remarks upon the poems are all right. The real explanation is that an effort was made to dictate the real thing to the amanuensis, who really does hear now and then, but prejudice, education etc. came in, and also other things. But it is fair. You show good judgment and discrimination in your analysis, which was sent me.

Now Sir, about the "beast" story and J.C.K. It is rot, and best treated with contempt, because if dwelt on it gets too important. The opinion of A.B. is not worth a d—n, and everybody will someday hold the view of the *Westminster Gazette* on that head. Really good, nice people are not affected by such rotten lies. Its just like A.B.'s story that W.Q.J. is a black magician, etc. It will kill itself by its fatness. Further, Mead, C.O. [Mrs. Cooper-Oakley] and Co. are very rapidly showing their total actual incompetency as experts on such questions. They don't know the colour of a thought. Were it blue they would guess it to be green.

Of course it hurt J.C.K. to hear the lie, but such lies react on the liars. They will also be a background for her splendid work at 62, Queen Anne Street.

And that leads to this. I tell you very plainly that J.C.K. ought not to let herself be too well known to all. She is too sensitive, and it injures her. Reserve is a good thing, for one like her may go too far with such a multitude as is now beginning to flock. That's one reason why I made Arch my agent. J.C.K. does better work as my little Cossack who plants things while others don't look. Don't misunderstand. If J.C.K. got to be personally and urgently sought after, she would be killed. I will try to explain this to her.

As to using sentences from my letters: use anything that's not personal matter. J.C.K. knows that. Her decision was right.

Keep your eye on the *Irish Theosophist*. Write for it now and then, and ask J.M.P. to do so also. I have a scheme. Guess it? Perhaps it will only be a dream. But, the new cover of *Lucifer* is too "respectable".

Well, adios dear boy,

As ever,

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

Try to get H.P.B.'s Letters a month ahead. Not on hand yet for January, and they ought to be. Should be here by the 5th of each month at latest, as they head the issue.

NEW YORK, December 18th, 1894.

Dear Keedji,

Item: A.F. [Alexander Fullerton] has in next *Path* an article, "Real Reason",

in which he says the reason persons object to any F.T.S. having actually heard from .·. [the Master] is jealousy. Its great, and from him! I took it. Am not writing much this mail.

"The loyalty of which you have had evidence is a vast underlying bubbling force; the others will overdo somewhere, and then many who honestly decided against you, will turn completely to your side." △

As ever,

WILLIAM Q. J.

This letter was addressed to Dr. Keightley, and was then handed by him to me, as it was two letters in one.

"There" refers to the upstairs sitting-room at 62, Queen Anne Street.

Fred J. Dick was Secretary of the Dublin Lodge,—devoted to Judge, and a most faithful member.

NEW YORK, December 28th, 1894.

Dear Arch,

I reply to you soon. Dear Boy, I'm so banked with letters I don't know what to do. You all seem to be doing right all the time. Hold fast. Let all hold tight. Dick's plan has been seething in my mind for two weeks, and is a good one.

Dear Ernest,

Thanks my son. Yes, I was there. I go each 5 p. m.—seen or seen not—the wires buzz. All is well. The future is good though the present seems rocky. Rotten ships founder on rocky bottoms.

Read that little vision on first page of a recent *Path* signed "Amaran". It applies to this and the coming months.

Good for the Propaganda Committee!

Say, make a note of this: I approve, encourage and endorse all and every work for spread of Theosophy.

Make a try for the common people. It's feasible perhaps; it is necessary.

As ever,

W. Q. J.

(*To be continued*)

For God's sake and that of your fellow-men, learn to smile.—M. J. WATSON.

WHY I JOINED THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The whole essence of truth cannot be described by any pen, not even that of the recording angel, unless man finds its response in the sanctuary of his own heart, in the innermost depths of his divine intuition.—THE SECRET DOCTRINE.

I HAVE always believed in re-incarnation. As a very small child, I was quite convinced of it, without being able to express it. I remember the first time I ever heard the word. A friend of my mother was discussing it, somewhat scandalized, over the tea cups. I hid behind a door and whispered to myself "I believe in that."

I was brought up in a very moral home, but not in one of orthodox religion. My mother was converted from Quakerism to Christian Science.

Neither was I of any religious disposition, in the sectarian sense of the word. I believed that to mention God was impious, He being too sacred to mention, and no one else got much attention in our house. Angels, Saints, Catholics and Heathen were all anathema, and so were all Protestant theologians. Nothing gives one a better basis for a Theosophical interest in all creeds than having a family in complete and equal prejudice against all of them!

Nevertheless, it was impressed on me that I must never tell a lie and that I must always give others the largest piece of cake, and these impressions were frequently made with the old-fashioned hair brush. This was what all students of Theosophy will recognize as Theosophical Training and Karma.

I was brought up, however, on fairies, elves, goblins, djinns, witches and magicians. The whole of Nature was alive with them, and I often tried to see them, with faith but without success. I learned to read in a Greek Mythology. From these tales I came to recognize Karma, for, as the sparks fly upward, good or evil deeds are rewarded promptly in all fairy stories. I was far more influenced by them than by anything I ever learned in Sunday School, such as the Ten Commandments or the "Scientific Statement of Being".

In one such story, I read about an Alchemist who was seeking the Philosopher's Stone. It was small, square and white. It aroused some sort of enthusiasm in me, and I used to walk on the beach searching for it, myself.

My first real encounter with Philosophy was when I was thirteen. I read a long and ponderous German novel by Auerbach, entitled *On the Heights*. This novel has much to say about the philosophy of Spinoza. The magnificent detachment of Spinoza, his purity, the grandeur of his ideas, were like a great music to my soul. The story treats, also, of the expiation of sin in the world and in solitude. I made up my mind that detachment in the world was more difficult, and, therefore, preferable.

I also read everything else I could lay my hands on, and as we had a large and unexpurgated library, I learned much about the world.

My next great discoveries were Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus. Surely, nothing is more noble than their indifference to all personal concerns, their profound respect for the laws of Nature, their sublime faith in them; nothing more refreshing than their absolute independence of all forms and rituals.

After this, I read Oldenberg's book on Buddha, and *The Light of Asia.* I remember, when I was quite small, irritating a new governess into fits because I said I was a Buddhist. I didn't know what one was, but I was sure I was one. Now I am certain I am one, just as I am certain I am everything else—or nothing—because in Theosophy we find the root and basis of all religions.

I read *The Imitation of Christ*, and Plato. When we lived in Italy, I went every day to the Catholic churches, because of their beauty. Art is like Theosophy. It contains all that is beautiful without distinction of race, caste or creed, and the love of beauty is, indeed, the love of the Divine World. When one has loved the *Scribe Accroupi* of the Louvre, the Charioteer of Delphi, the frescoes at Ajanta or those of Giotto, one has no prejudices against the creeds of those who made them. One feels the underlying unity of real Humanity.

I used to sit for hours under a cypress on a hill overlooking Florence, moving as the thin finger of shadow moved, adoring Nature, absorbing Nature. Feeling that all outward and visible forms are the expression of those in a causal world, I was inarticulately aware of the Doctrine of Correspondences. I was sure that if I could really see Nature, I would penetrate the meaning of life and all its secrets, but, alas, I never could stay long enough!

In 1914, just before the War, I was alone in London for a week. One day I amused myself by going down Baker Street to see the house where Sherlock Holmes is supposed to have lived. Passing a book-shop, I saw a copy of Alan Leo's *Esoteric Astrology.* I had never read a book on Astrology and I bought this one with great glee.

In the same shop, I saw a notice that the headquarters of a society calling itself Theosophical was just around the corner from my hotel, and that Mrs. Annie Besant was lecturing. I had a certain desire to go, but I did not.

I read Leo's book. I do not remember making much out of it, but I was struck by quotations from *The Secret Doctrine* at the heads of several chapters. I resolved to read that book although I had not the slightest idea what it was about. I had heard of Madame Blavatsky. Some one had told me that she created toys out of nothing for some children, a proceeding which at once made her sympathetic.

Some time later, when I returned to America, I got *The Secret Doctrine* from a library. I well remember staggering home with the two huge volumes, gloating on the way over those gorgeous sub-titles, "Cosmogenesis" and "Anthropogenesis".

I plunged in, over my head, indeed, but in the waters of immortality.

I had the absolute. inner conviction that here was Truth. Here was the

key to the Mysterium Magnum, to the Universe. Here was something I had once known, but had lost or forgotten. Here was the country of my soul.

I do not say that I understood most of what I read. My brains were all scrambled up with Oi-Ha-Hou and Paranishpanna and the Ah-Hi who were Anupâdaka. Crores of deities danced together in confusion of rounds and races. Flying Camels, Bathybius Hæckelii and Agnishwâtta Pitris raced by like telegraph poles. But how grand it was. How stupendous. I was like a blind man suddenly seeing the earth and heavens.

Here, for the first time, I found the Splendour of Evolution, the Lodge. All the universe, above and below is peopled and sustained by conscious beings, no longer by blind forces. By Gods, indeed, our Elder Brothers. No discovery of new worlds, of stars, planets or suns could equal that.

When one first hears a Brahms symphony, one does not understand it all, but one knows it is beautiful. One would have to be very dull not to be impressed by Chartres cathedral, whether one knew the first principles of Gothic architecture or not. I am told that most tourists find the Great Pyramid "imposing".

The Secret Doctrine is like Chartres, or Rheims, or Angkor Wat; carved with innumerable figures, human, vegetal, animal, Divine, grotesque or lovely, all signifying something, all living. Sometimes, looking at these details, one may forget the great, basic plan of the structure, but it is there, and upholds and maintains all in order and reason.

What a stupendous picture one gets of H. P. B. herself! I do not believe that any one who calls her a charlatan has ever read even the Proem of *The Secret Doctrine*, that Proem which is like the music of the Spheres. A charlatan doing all that work for nothing? A charlatan throwing such floods of light upon the obscurities of symbolism, sciences and religions? A charlatan whose consciousness dwells upon such a plane? A charlatan with such detachment, and, above all, such colossal humour?

No. The "Old Lady", of whom I knew nothing, absolutely nothing except that she precipitated toys, emerged from that work as someone Titanic, magnificent, enchanting and beloved. I felt that I knew her. She may have been wild, loud, Rabelaisian, but her human qualities made her more loveable than some figure of glacial perfection. She was truly human and truly great and *True*. If ever anyone were sincere, were convinced, were incapable of falsehood, she was, and she knew whereof she spoke. I accepted everything she said, whether I understood it or not, because I felt that tremendous, overwhelming quality in it.

Not only did *The Secret Doctrine* provide the logical, scientific and intellectual key to the nature of the world, but it gave the ethical and mystical basis for conduct and evolution. It was a science and a life, the ever-living, ever-expanding progress towards wisdom and immortality. It made the Cosmos infinite, but it gave one a place in it.

Shortly after reading *The Secret Doctrine*, I happened to speak about it to a friend. He said that he knew some members of The Theosophical Society who had known Madame Blavatsky. As I was anxious to know more about her,

he took me to a lecture on Theosophy. I thought it a very dull lecture. The speaker referred to Tolstoy as a cantankerous old curmudgeon; that stuck in my mind.

After the lecture, we went to a tea in the studio of the Society. I thought it a very dull party. Some extremely respectable ladies handed me tea and murmured that they didn't suppose I had understood any thing I had heard. The general feeling seemed to be that Theosophy was not for the likes of me, and that they were very smug about it.

I heard no more of Theosophy or Madame Blavatsky, but, not discouraged, I kept on reading.

Two or three years later, my husband—for I married the man who knew the people who knew Madame Blavatsky—suddenly astonished me by saying that he thought it would be a good idea to join The Theosophical Society. He had read *The Secret Doctrine* and had criticized it; and here he was actually proposing that we join the Society!

I did not think much of joining any "Little Group of Serious Thinkers". Nevertheless, as he seemed so anxious to join, I agreed, and found myself a member before I had ever been to a meeting. I do not remember anything that was said at the first meeting I did attend, but, by the end of it, I knew in all my bones that I was a member of that Society.

It has been my privilege to be a member for a number of years, and each day the Theosophical Movement becomes more marvellous to me as I perceive more of its significance.

Those same people whom I found so dull and annoying at that tea, have become dearer to me than any other people in the world. I see in them shining examples of devotion, self-discipline and effort, and I am proud to be associated with them.

Also, I have heard a great deal more about Madame Blavatsky, and as I know more about her and penetrate even a little into her vast consciousness, I feel for her ever more gratitude and love.

My great ambition is to become so truly a member of the Theosophical Movement that nothing may be able to pry me loose from it in this world or in any other.

M. C. B.

When truth is revealed, let custom give place; let no man prefer custom before reason and truth.—AUGUSTINE OF HIPPO.

THE "GREAT SPEECH" OF THE ZUÑI INDIANS

IN that section of *The Secret Doctrine* entitled "The Mysteries of the Hebdomad", where Madame Blavatsky gives us a bird's-eye view of the great religions governed by the septenary principle, one page is devoted to the Zuñi Indians of New Mexico. She affirms that their traditions and records from time immemorial, as well as their present-day political, social and religious institutions, are shaped about the number seven, and she cites Frank Hamilton Cushing as the source of her information; so it is with a quite special sanction that the following article has been made possible by his paper on the Zuñi Creation Myths, published by the Smithsonian Institution in the Thirteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology.

I have often wished I might know more about the innumerable people whose names Madame Blavatsky tosses to us so convincingly, and then leaves behind for ever in the wake of her impetuous onward rush; and it has given me much satisfaction to have an immediate reason for pausing to learn about Cushing's life and special endowments for his work.

As one would expect from the intuitive and sympathetic quality of his writings, he was born an archæologist before he was made one by training and experience. While still a solitary, delicate little boy on his father's New York farm, he not only dreamed dreams about the ancient Indian life, traces of which were everywhere to be found, but diligently sought and gathered and classified a collection of arrow-points so comprehensive that it was afterwards acquired by the National Museum; and these he housed and arranged in a "Wigwam Museum" of his own construction. A veritable manual genius, he taught himself to fashion stone by the difficult aboriginal method known as "chipping", and to build baskets, dress skins and produce pottery by processes akin to those of the old native artisans. Alone all day, and day after day, in constant communion with nature and the relics of a vanished race, he acquired peculiar insight into the primitive needs and motives which led to many of their inventions and devices; so that long before he knew the living Indians, he had developed an innate understanding of their arts and their environmental attitude; moreover, and more important, he had acquired that power of direct insight, of interpreting events by the light of natural law without undue deference to current axioms, which became the dominating principle of his thought.

He was only seventeen years old when his *Account of the Antiquities of Orleans County, New York*, was published by the government, and directly after his college graduation he was sent by Major Powell, Chief of the Bureau of Ethnology, to collect artifacts (examples of Indian handicrafts) from the pueblos.

Inevitably his understanding and love of primitive life brought him into close relations with the natives, and the bond quickly became so strong that he decided to stay on indefinitely at Zuñi. It seemed rather an externalization of his childhood's imaginative dreams than a new experience; with amazing ease he became inured to the strangeness and deprivations of the living conditions, finding the arts and industries an instinctive form of self-expression; and with a still more amazing facility he mastered the language, till every turn and cadence of its expression became fused with his own habitual modes of thought.

For five years he lived uninterruptedly as one of their number, an integral unit in the social organization, and by a wholly natural evolution he was gradually inducted into the mysteries of the religious ceremonials, and was step by step initiated into fraternities whose history, laws and customs he learned from the old people and the priests, as did all other obedient sons of the tribe. Long before his first temporary absence in the east, he had risen to the rank of Head Priest of the Bow, of Second Chief, had been made a member of the all-powerful Macaw Clan, and had been given the sacred name of Medicine Flower, which is borne by but one man in a generation.

At the time of his residence, Zuñi life was still remarkably free from white influence. The Atlantic-Pacific railroad had not yet been built, and access to Zuñi-land entailed a fatiguing journey by wagon across the sandy desert, with nothing at the journey's end to lure the canny frontiersman; and though a ruined adobe church, surrounded by an overfilled campo-santo, bore witness to the efforts of devoted padres to establish here an out-post of the Faith; though tradition gave surprising and vivid pictures of the advent and summary execution of the negro scout who strutted into their midst away back in the year 1539; and though scars made on the low ceilings by the scraping of the conquistadores' helmets could be plainly descried by the curious, it was nevertheless true that, in spite of the church and in spite of the soldiers, the current of aboriginal culture flowed practically free and undefiled; quite certainly the "Long Talk" or "Great Speech" which embodied their history, their religion, and their myths, was untouched by any Christian or outside influence. This remarkable conservation was of course largely due to the tenacity of a race whose chief virtue was constancy rather than growth, but it was also partly owing to the fact that until recent times Zuñi had been a federation of towns rather than a single pueblo, as were all other Rio Grande tribes. It had therefore never been possible for any of the established missions to dominate all the people at any one time, and always the native doctrine was being taught and the ceremonial rites practised without let or hindrance in one or another of the "Seven Cities", even if partially suppressed in others by the straggling succession of zealous churchmen.

Although in 1879 the group had already shrunk to the dimensions of the present solitary rambling pueblo, the religio-governmental structure of the original federation was rigorously preserved, epitomized in an aggregation of six wards, so to speak, grouped about a central seventh, which dominated and

synthesized them all; and although the geographical locations and boundaries could scarcely be differentiated or defined by a casual observer, every inhabitant was perfectly aware of the division and subdivision in which he dwelt with his family and clan.

The Middle, the Here of the Seven World Quarters, was the home of the Sacred Macaw Clan, which was the priesthood of the House of Houses, and was supreme both in temporal and religious authority. In it were unified the other Six Directions: the yellow North, which was the region of the Great Breath, and within whose boundaries dwelt the three winter-defying clans; the blue-green West, region of the World-Waters, which contained the three clans pertaining to the spring months; the red South, region of Fire, and home of the Summer Clans; the white East, region of the Dawn, the home of the Deer and kindred clans of the autumn; the many-hued Above, where, in the full light of the Sun-Father, were gathered the peoples of the Turquoise Sky; and lastly the sooty-black Below, which is the abode of the Snake Clan and other totems of wisdom. In a further subdivision, each of the six clan trinities is again separated into seven minor parts, typified, if an animal totem, as the body, the four limbs, the head and the tail.

In this closely compacted hierarchal world every man, woman or child had his prescribed status, and every act of his day, every word of his speech, affirmed or implied the position which he held; for instance, since kinship and relative age were the warp and woof of governmental relations, his tongue was incapable of any such generalized term as "brother" when addressing a kinsman; it was imperative to further specify the designation as "brother-elder" or "brother-younger", and in so doing he announced either his own rightful authority or acknowledged that obedience was due. The Zuñis might thus be said to affirm their laws in every utterance, and to establish them continually in every daily act. Such explicit and constant statements, carried out in a multiplicity of ramifications, naturally insured not only the stability of the government, but of the religious ritual, and made it possible to pass on the intricate oral scripture from generation to generation, retaining intact the essential spirit of the primal revelation.

It is Cushing's signal contribution, over and above the volume he wrote on Indian customs, folklore and the artifacts, that he embodied and preserved this "Great Speech" in an adequate English rendering; and that he wrote with an intuitive grasp of its basic conception of a stable "Middle" which must be searched for and preserved at all costs, and of the relation to this "Middle" of all the separate parts which cluster about and are held together by the synthesizing centre. With all possible emphasis he asserts that the beauty of language and the faultless metrical form of the recitation were beyond his power of translation, and that though he had done his utmost to preserve the nobility of the thought, his version falls very far short of the original. That he did not live long enough to transcribe all that he had garnered is an irreparable loss, both to the student of our native religions and to our national heritage of poetry and imaginative literature. As I have read and re-read them, the Crea-

tion Myths have seemed to me quite wonderful theosophic documents; there are passages which with a slight change of form might have been taken bodily from the Stanzas of Dzyan; there are glimpses of a cosmogonical history which correspond to the most abstruse accounts in *The Secret Doctrine;* and there is a profound beauty which could well hold its own in the most august company of the great poetic literatures.

The first section of the Speech is entitled "The Genesis of the Worlds, or the Beginning of Newness", and I quote it entire:

"Before the Beginning of the New-Making, Awonawílona alone, the Maker and Container of All, the All-Father-Father, solely had being. There was nothing else whatsoever throughout the great spaces of the ages, save everywhere black darkness, and everywhere void desolation.

"In the Beginning of the New Made, Awonawílona conceived within himself and thought outward in space, whereby mists of increase, steams potent of growth, were evolved and uplifted. Thus by means of his innate knowledge, the All-Container made himself in person and form of the Sun, whom we hold to be our Father, and who thus came to exist and appear. With his appearance came the brightening of the spaces, the great mist clouds were thickened together and fell, whereby was evolved water in water, yea, and the world-holding sea.

"With his substance of flesh outdrawn from the surface of his person, the Sun-Father formed the seed-stuff of twain worlds, impregnating therewith the great waters, and lo! in the heat of his light these waters of the sea grew green, and scums rose upon them, waxing wide and weighty, until, behold! they became the Four-fold-containing Mother-Earth, and the All-covering Father-Sky."

Following these noble opening stanzas, with their breadth of philosophic statement, comes a passage called "The Genesis of Men and the Creatures", in which the account of the beginning of life is carried a step further, with the emphasis rather upon duality and differentiation of the powers into male and female potencies:

"From the lying together of these twain upon the great world-waters, vitalizing, terrestrial life was conceived; whence began all beings of earth, men and the creatures, in the Four-fold Womb of the World.

"Now like all the surpassing beings, the Earth-Mother and the Sky-Father were *'hlimna* (changeable), even as smoke in the wind; transmutable at thought, manifesting themselves in any form at will, like as dancers may by mask-making.

"Thus, as a man and woman spake they one to the other: 'Behold!' said the Earth-Mother, as a great terraced bowl appeared at hand and within it water, 'this is as upon me the homes of my tiny children shall be'; and 'Behold, again!' said she, as she spat on the water, and rapidly smote it with her fingers. Foam formed, gathering about the terraced rim. 'Yea', said she, 'and from my bosom shall they draw nourishment, and find the substance of life, whence we were ourselves sustained. For see!' Then with her warm breath she blew across the terraces of the bowl's rim, which were even as mountains whereby country is known from country; white flecks of the foam broke away, and, floating above

the water, were shattered by the cold breath of the Sky-Father, and forthwith shed downward abundantly fine mist and spray. 'Even so shall white clouds float up from the great waters at the borders of the world, and clustering about the mountain terraces be borne aloft by the breaths of the surpassing of soul-beings; and, broken by thy cold, shed downward in rain-spray the water of life, even into the hollow places of my lap, wherein nestle our children, mankind and creature-kind, for warmth in thy coldness.'

"Lo! even the trees on high mountains near the clouds and the Sky-Father crouch low toward the Earth-Mother for warmth and protection! Warm is the Earth-Mother, Cold the Sky-Father, even as woman is the warm, man the cold, being!

"'Even so!' said the Sun-Father, 'yet not alone shalt thou helpful be to our children, for behold!', and he spread his hand abroad with the palm downward, and into all the wrinkles thereof he set the semblance of shining yellow corn-grains; in the darkness of the early world-dawn they gleamed like sparks of fire, shining up from the depths of the water therein. 'See!' said he, pointing to the seven grains clasped by his thumb and four fingers, 'by such shall our children be guided; for behold when the Sun-Father is not nigh, and thy terraces are as the dark itself, then shall our children be guided by lights, like to these lights of all the six regions turning around the mid-most one.'

"Thus and in other ways devised they for their offspring."

The next sections, headed "The Gestation of Men and the Creatures," are much more specific and deal with the manifold evolution of terrestrial life. I have tried to shorten it, but it seemed impossible to make many cuts without greatly destroying the value.

"Anon in the nethermost of the four cave-wombs of the world, the seed of men and the creatures took form and grew manifoldly, and multiplied in many kinds. Thus the lowermost womb-cave (the womb of sooty depths, or of growth-generation, because it was the place of first formation) became overfilled with being. Everywhere were unfinished creatures, crawling like reptiles over one another in filth and black darkness; crowding thickly together and treading each other insomuch that loud became their lamentations, until many among them sought to escape, growing wiser and more man-like.

"*The Forthcoming from Earth of the Foremost Men:*

"There came among men and the beings, it is said, the wisest of wise men and the foremost, the all-sacred Master Póshaiyank'ya, he who appeared in the waters below, even as did the Sun-Father in the waters above; and who arose from the nethermost sea, and pitying men still, won upward, gaining by virtue of his innate wisdom-knowledge issuance from that first world-womb, through ways so dark and narrow that those, who, seeing somewhat, crowded after, could not follow, so eager were they and so mightily did they strive with one another.

"Alone then he fared upward from one cave-womb to another, out into the great breadth of daylight. There the earth lay, like a vast island in the midst of the great waters, wet and unstable. Alone fared he forth dayward, seeking

the Sun-Father and supplicating him to deliver mankind and the creatures there below.

"The Birth from the Sea of the Twain Deliverers of Men:

"Then did the Sun-Father take counsel within himself, and casting his glance downward espied, on the great waters, a Foam-cap near to the Earth-Mother. With his beam he impregnated and with his heat incubated the Foam-cap, whereupon she gave birth to the Beloved Twain Who Descended: Twin brothers of Light, yet Elder and Younger, the Right and the Left, like to question and answer in deciding and doing.

"To these the Sun-Father imparted, still retaining, control-thought and his own knowledge-wisdom, even as to the offspring of wise parents their knowingness is imparted. . . .

"Then back along the trail of the sun-seeking Póshaiyank'ya they sped swiftly on their floating fog-shields, westward to the Mountain of Generation. With their magic knives of the thunder-bolt they spread open the uncleft depths of the mountain and descended unerringly into the dark of the underworld.

"There they abode with men and the creatures, coming to know them, and becoming known of them as Masters and Fathers, thus seeking the ways for leading them forth.

"The Birth and Delivery of Men and the Creatures:

"In the depths were growing things, like grasses and crawling vines; so now the Beloved Twain breathed on the stems of these grasses, causing them to increase vastly and rapidly; and by grasping and walking round and round them, they twisted them upward until lo! they reached forth even into the light; and where they grasped the stems, ridges were formed, whence sprang branching leaf-stems. Therewith the Two formed a great ladder, and up it, into the second cave-world, men and the beings crowded, following closely the Two-Little-but-Mighty-Ones.

"Yet many fell back, and lost in the darkness peopled the under-world, whence they were delivered in after-time amid terrible earth-shakings, becoming the monsters and fearfully strange beings of olden times.

"Lo! in the second womb it was dark as is the night of a stormy season, but larger of space and higher than had been the first, because it was nearer the navel of the Earth-Mother, hence named the Place of Gestation. Here again men and the beings increased, and the clamour of their complainings grew loud and beseeching. Again the Two guided them upward, this time not all at once, but in successive bands, to become in time the fathers of the six kinds of men (the yellow, the tawny gray, the red, the white, the mingled, and the black races), and with them the gods and creatures of them all. Yet this time, as before, multitudes were lost or left behind.

"The third great cave-world, whereunto men and the creatures had now ascended, was lighter, like a valley in starlight, and named the Place of Sex Generation; for here the various peoples and beings began to multiply apart in kind one from another. And as the tribes of men and the creatures thus waxed numerous as before, here too it became overfilled.

"As before, generations of men were led out successively (yet many lost as hitherto) into the next and last cave-world, the Ultimate-Uncoverable, or the Womb of Parturition. Here it was light like the dawning, and men began to perceive and learn according to their natures, whereupon the Twain taught them to seek first of all our Sun-Father, who would, they said, reveal to them wisdom and knowledge of the ways of life—wherein also they were instructing them as we do little children.

"Yet like all the cave-worlds this too became, after a long time, filled with progeny; and finally, at periods, the Two led forth the nations of men and the kinds of beings into the great upper world, the World of Disseminated Light and Knowledge, or Seeing.

"*The Condition of Men when First into the World of Daylight Born:*

"Eight years made the span of four days and four nights when the world was new. It was while such days and nights continued that men were led forth, first in the night, that it might be well.

"Men and the creatures were nearer alike then than now; black were our fathers, the late-born of creation, like the caves from which they came forth; cold and scaly their skins, like those of mud-creatures; goggled their eyes, like those of an owl; membraneous their ears, like those of cave-bats; webbed their feet, like those of walkers in wet places; and, according as they were elder or younger, they had tails longer or shorter. They crouched when they walked, often indeed crawling along the ground like toads, lizards and newts; like infants who still fear to walk straight, they crouched as before-time they had in their cave-worlds; and when the Morning Star rose they blinked excessively as they beheld its brightness, and cried out with many mouth-motionings that surely now the Sun-Father was coming; but it was only the Elder of the Bright Ones, gone before with the elder nations, and with his shield of flame heralding from afar the approach of the Sun-Father!

"And when low down in the east the Sun-Father himself appeared, what though shrouded in the midst of the great world-waters, they were so blinded and heated by his light and glory, that they cried out to one another in anguish, and fell down wallowing and covering their eyes with their bare hands and arms.

"Yet ever again they looked afresh to the light, and anew struggled toward the sun, as moths and other night-creatures seek the light of a camp-fire; yea, and what though burned, seek ever anew that light!

"Thus ere long they became used to the light, and to this high world they had entered. Wherefore, they arose and no longer walked bended, and lo! it was then that they first looked full upon one another and in horror clothed themselves with girdles of bark and rushes.

"*The Origin of Priests and of Knowledge:*

"It was thus, by much devising of ways, that men began to grow knowing in many things, and were instructed by what they saw, and so became wiser and better able to receive the words and gifts of their Fathers and Elder Brothers, the Gods, the Twain and others, and priests. For already Masters-to-be were amongst them. Even in the dark of the under-worlds such had come

to be; as had, indeed, the various creatures-to-be, so these. According to their natures they had found and cherished things, and had been granted gifts by the Gods; but as yet they knew not the meaning of their own powers and possessions, even as children know not the meanings and right uses of the precious or needful things given them; nay, nor yet the functions of their very parts!

"Now in the light of the Sun-Father, persons became known from persons, and these things from other things; and thus the people came to know their many Fathers among men, to know them by themselves or by the possessions they had.

"Now the first and most perfect of all these Fathers among men after Póshaiyank'ya was Yanáuluha, who brought up from the under-world water of the inner ocean, and seeds of life-production and growing things. In gourds he brought these up, and also things containing the 'of-doing-powers'. Wise was he with self-magic-knowing, through teaching by the Masters of Life (God-beings). And being thus wise he saw readily the light and ways of the Sun-Father; and being partaker of his breath, thus became among men as the Sun-Father is among the little moons of the sky; speaker was he to and of the Sun-Father himself, keeper and dispenser of precious things and commandments. By him, and his seed, were established and made good the Priest-Keepers of Things."

This appears to close the account of the early races. The Talk passes straightway into a description of the establishment of totem-clans; the naming of creature-kinds and the spaces; and the origin of the Sacred Brotherhoods or Councils of Secrecy, together with the legends pertaining to each. I hope to tell in a later article of the wanderings of the Zuñis in their age-long search for the Middle, with the Two-Little-but-Mighty-Ones ever urging them onward from tarrying place to tarrying place amidst the convulsions of various world-cataclysms; and I want specifically to recount some of the myths which are at the root of the great religious dramaturgies. Throughout all of Cushing's translation there are pregnant statements which help to clarify the whole concept, together, alas! with baffling references to fuller explanations which are "told in other places of our Ancient Speech". These are probably lost to us for ever through his untimely death.

The complete carrying out of the series which was projected and prefaced in this first volume would, according to this statement of his own, have been much more than a mere contribution to American Ethnological records: "The significance of such studies as these of a little tribe like the Zuñis, and especially of such fuller studies as will, I hope, follow in due course, is not restricted to their bearing on the tribe itself. I have become convinced that they bear on the history of mankind the world over, and especially on human culture-growth very directly; for the Zuñis, especially, with all their strange apparently local customs and institutions and the lore thereof, are representative, in more than a general way, of a phase through which all desert peoples, in the Old World as well as in the New, must sometime have passed."

As theosophists, we may well believe that it was of even wider import than he realized. We know that in the most momentous sense, cyclic time was ripe

for a garnering of the world's religions; in every direction walls of dogmatism were being broken down by Madame Blavatsky, and well-springs of the original teachings were being cleared and purified; certainly it was by no blind chance that in these same years certain equipped scholars, sometimes called the "Giants of American Archæology", were unearthing and rescuing from oblivion the fragments of ancient American faith which were still guarded and kept alive in the undisturbed backwaters of Indian reserve.

Only in these years could the effort have succeeded; a little earlier and there had been the barrier of bitter frontier warfare; a little later and the Red Man had developed an impenetrable armour of secrecy to protect his inner verities against the ardent attacks of missions and schools. But at this especially appointed hour, Alice Fletcher was among the Pawnees and the Omahas, interpreting them with a sympathy born of unswerving devotion to their interests; Washington Mathews was immersed in his great translation of the Navajo Mountain Chant; and Frank Cushing was in Zuñi-land. Perhaps of them all, Cushing most fully knew the doctrine, for he had most fully entered into and lived the life of his people. He had danced with the youths till he felt himself one with Sun and Earth and Creative Fruitfulness; he had invoked with song the Gods of the Hunt that meat and raiment might be vouchsafed; he had renewed and repaired, and so kept magically potent, the ceremonial insignia; he had painted symbols on the altars and constructed prayer-sticks for the shrines; and thus and in countless other ways he had absorbed through every sense the deep consciousness of primitive man of the unseen powers. It is the theosophic method, *par excellence*. Small wonder that when he finally came to inscribe the history or the folk-lore or the myths, he spoke from the very core of a people's belief. And Madame Blavatsky, gathering and correlating material for her stupendous work, immediately caught the heart of his researches in the far-flung net of her occult mind. *The Secret Doctrine* was finished in 1888, at the time when Cushing was barely emerging from his isolation and obscurity, three full years before the publication of the Creation Myths, and though earlier articles were already in print, they had received little notice outside the immediate circle of fellow archæologists. It is said of Madame Blavatsky that she was able to grasp the entire contents of a book without stopping to peruse it, and was even able definitely to quote such passages as she chose; surely any one who has delved into the prolific and varied mine of reference and quotation with which *The Secret Doctrine* is supported, must needs surmise that she was also gifted with a prehensile sense of the intellectual output of mankind, any part of which, when summoned by a need, was at her immediate disposal.

That she felt Cushing's work was thus needed as contributory to and corroborative of her thesis, is proved by the use she made of it; and for us this is its highest import,—that it should in some degree be a part of "the rich literature of theosophic studies, ready-waiting as an instrument to lighten the labour of the next Lodge Messenger", the accumulation and preparation of which has been laid upon The Theosophical Society as one of its major objectives.

E. A.

ON THE SCREEN OF TIME

THIS was our first meeting since the death of Charles Johnston. We came to it with our minds and hearts full of memories. Some of us had known him for nearly forty years, though it was of more recent times that most of us were thinking.

Of how few who die can it be said that the last ten years of life were their happiest and best! And that can be said of him. So many, in middle life, stop growing. Aware of this, it was then that he set to work "to begin all over again", —an example to all of us, at any age.

Perhaps one of the hardest and best tests of a man's Theosophy is the way he affects someone who is not a fellow-member, and whom he meets in the ordinary course of business or professional life. One who knew him in that way, wrote after Mr. Johnston's death:

"My whole relationship with him was astonishing. I first met him in 1923. He accepted me among his friends when I was new to this city and had only a few acquaintances. He taught me more things than I can think of, and stimulated me enormously by valuing me for qualities I never dreamed of. He gave me the wisest sort of counsel when I was in trouble, and consistently held me up to an idealism beyond my strength. He was, besides, the only person I ever knew who was, in the true sense, a companion in the field. The last time I saw him, when he was frail and wasted, I blurted out all my misgivings about life as impulsively as I used to when he was in robust health, and he was just as alert and full of warm understanding as ever."

Surely that is a remarkable tribute from a younger to an older man,—evidence of just the sort of helpfulness which can spring only from honest and intelligent effort to *be* as Theosophy *says*,—a tribute more significant in some ways than we can offer, whose closeness of relation to him makes it difficult to speak.

No one can fill, or could wish to fill, the gap his death leaves, either in the hearts of his friends or in the Society for which he had done so much. He had his own place, and it will remain his own place, living or "dead".

It seemed to all of us, as we met, that his departure had followed so closely the death of Archibald Keightley. Inevitably we had much to say of both of them, too intimate for publication, and not only of them, but of Clement Griscom also, who in some ways had stood as their older brother. They had been such close friends—of ours too; they had been devoted to each other, as only brothers in the Masters' Work can be; and now they would be consciously together in "the land of the leal", of the real, where tears are wiped away, and there is no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither any more pain. That blessèd country! Miss them, we must ("At the going down of the sun and in the morning, we shall remember them"); but to wish them back here would be unutterably selfish and impossible. Even for the Work's sake, No; for where

they are, liberated from the bonds of the flesh and of all that lives with it, they can do what they could not do while here, can see and understand as they could not do while here. Such great friends they were, now united more closely than ever in love of their Master and in desire to serve him,—united with others, some still here, and some who went years before they did, who must have met them, rejoicing: General Ludlow, Jasper Niemand, and "all the family", as one of them would have expressed it; with H. P. B. and Judge not *too* far off, as almost final delight and recompense: yet not final, for more would remain.

So, now to carry on,—plunging right in as men do on a field of battle, not even pausing though friends drop to the right and to the left of them: for is it not a battle, a perpetual battle, with Forward as perpetual command! If we look for peace in this world, we shall totally miss its purpose; if, as we grow older, and perhaps "old", we begin to think ourselves entitled to some rest, we shall have lived as the world lives, learning nothing.

The last remark, or something like it, was made aloud, whereupon the Philosopher quoted:

" 'If, therefore, the Saints of God are to be at peace, it is to be that peace which passes all understanding,'—as St. Augustine concluded, doubtless as the result of considerable experience; and doubtless, also, with keen relish of the humour his words conveyed. It is a pity that most people habitually regard the saints as solemn and ponderous.

"One of the outstanding traits of the Master Christ, as revealed in the New Testament, is his irony. The difference between this, and sarcasm, is not always understood, though the latter is the opposite pole of irony. Sarcasm is personal: it sneers. Irony is impossible without detachment from personalities; it springs from humour, while sarcasm springs from bitterness. And because nearly everyone brings to the reading of the New Testament, either a complete lack of humour, or a fixed idea that humour would be out of place in such a book, and cannot possibly exist there,—much of its significance is lost. The classical instance of this is: 'Likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance.' People read this with set faces and set minds, and infer that a certain amount of sin might be a benefit rather than otherwise, seeing that you would then have something about which to repent!"

"There are all sorts of ways of being irreverent", the Student commented, "and the orthodox do not realize that to minimize the humanity of Christ belittles him just as much as to repudiate his 'miracles'. He was a 'wonder-worker', just as Gautama Buddha, Apollonius, and a score of others were 'wonder-workers', each in his own degree; but, like them also, he was divinely, superbly human, stamping human nature with a beauty which redeems it for ever from its acquired, and what must otherwise have remained its incurable, ugliness."

"There are certainly many ways of being irreverent", said the Historian. "Perhaps you too have read of the M. de Bautru of the XVIIth century, a sceptic, who was seen one day by a friend to salute the 'Host' as it was carried past in

procession, and who, to some ironical comment on his relations with God, replied: 'We bow, but we don't speak to one another!' He at least knew what he was doing and why, while many present-day 'believers', who also 'bow' but do not 'speak', would lack the wit either to perceive or to utter the truth about themselves as he did."

"Yet, even in those days", someone said, "there were not many who could laugh at themselves!"

"True", the Historian answered; "but *we* have cultivated the habit of fooling ourselves, of believing what it is pleasant to believe. We, as a race, are so anxious to think of ourselves as superior to our forebears, that to question the reality or value of progress in any direction, has become a sort of disloyalty. We are hypnotized by the glamour of material inventions; yet people are not hypnotized unless they want to be, and they *want* to believe that automobiles, for instance, are a genuine gain, that they are educative, that they signify progress and even an increase in the sum total of human happiness. Half the economic axioms of the day are based on that kind of superstition. Protesting against some of the remarks in the last 'Screen of Time', a friend wrote: 'Why ridicule "Labor" for wanting Ford cars? Twenty years ago I had not seen "poor folk" out in the country of a Sunday eating their lunch by the roadside, the children playing in the grass and sunshine. Better wages, and Ford cars, have made this possible.' And that came from a constant reader of the QUARTERLY,—which proves once more, of course, that we get from our reading that which we bring to it, and no more, as Emerson said. No one in the 'Screen' has ridiculed Labour for wanting Ford cars, though I, personally, am prepared to ridicule anyone for wanting any kind of a car, that is, if he wants it for his *pleasure*. I own a car, and if I knew how to get rid of the thing without making myself a burden to my friends, I should be thankful. Nothing but a stern sense of duty could ever make me get into it. Others of course feel differently, and have an unquestioned right to do so. They immensely enjoy 'going for a drive', just as others enjoy golf, or dancing, or something of that sort. But in so far as any of these things are done, whether consciously or not, to escape from the boredom of self (which, I think, often is the motive), people clearly are attempting the impossible, for wherever they go and whatever they do, they can find only what they *are*. A friend confided to me that he longs, at times, for the atmosphere of France; but what he longs for really is to go home, to his own atmosphere. That is not true of the workman and his family who go to the country in a Ford to eat their lunch by the roadside, for if it were, they would 'go back to the land', instead of clinging to the noise and glare of a city. The workman and his family are actuated by exactly the same motive that prompts another man to drive to some country club in his Rolls-Royce. There is no difference. At their stage of evolution it is natural and of course in no sense wicked; but to imagine that the occupants of either the Ford or Rolls-Royce are in the long run any the happier for their 'change', would be as absurd as to imagine that the way to make children in a nursery happy is to give them a new toy as soon as they grow tired of the old one. If you wanted to make it im-

possible for children ever to be happy, that would be the best way to set about it. On the other hand, if you want to see children who are wholly care-free and delightful, go to the negro quarter in Harlem, and watch a group of them extracting infinite delight from an old rag and a bit of string,—dramatizing the most extraordinary adventures, completely forgetful of themselves, as happy as the day is long. The life of a 'store toy' in that part of the world, can be counted by seconds; consequently the children have none, except for a few minutes at Christmas when they quarrel. For the rest of the year, they are happy, because they draw happiness from within themselves. I have seen three little coloured boys, aged about five, playing they were 'traffic cops', stop all the traffic on 125th Street. I can rejoice in that scene at any time of the day or night, for they were as indifferent to danger, as oblivious of onlookers, and as gorgeously happy as the proverbial Kings.

"What is the use of studying Theosophy unless we try to get at the heart of things by studying first principles? The basic trouble with the human race is that it will persist in thinking of life in terms of pleasure and pain, and of these as dependent upon possessions and circumstances. That attitude is materialistic, and any man who is its victim is a Materialist, no matter whether he calls himself a Christian, a Mohammedan, an Idealist, a Brahmin, a Theosophist, or anything else.

"In a world of duality—and we cannot escape the fact that no one can think of light without pre-supposing darkness, or of pain, without implying the existence of its opposite—in a world of duality, pain and pleasure, like substance and shadow, are about equally divided, that is, if we consider a man's life, not in some one hour only, to the exclusion of all other hours, but as covering the whole term of his years. This is true of rich and poor, of educated and uneducated, alike. The more sensitive we are, the greater our capacity for enjoyment, and also for suffering; the more phlegmatic we are, the less we suffer and the less we enjoy. That is the only difference; and certainly money, or the lack of it, has no effect, one way or the other, on sensitiveness.

"I am speaking now of pain and pleasure,—not of happiness, which is totally different, and which flows, not from external things or causes, but from a source above the duality of manifested life. For happiness, we are dependent solely upon the nature of our own heart, mind, and spirit. We can modify that nature, and control it. We can cultivate happiness (if we wish to), just as we can cultivate misery. It is just as easy—or just as difficult—for a man too poor to own any kind of car, to be happy, as for a man who owns a dozen of the best. I believe that the average of happiness is considerably higher among a hard-working group of European peasants (there are no peasants in America), who have no electric light, no telephone, no automobile, no moving-pictures, and who work from about four a. m. until it is dark, with little but the produce of their own labour to eat and drink,—than among any group of highly-paid American mechanics. I am positive that the peasant is wiser than the artisan, because the peasant reflects, meditates, on his own experience as he works, while the mechanic, who reads newspapers and magazines, or spends his evenings at

the 'movies',—thinks, if at all, about the unrealities with which his head is stuffed. I base my conviction upon long acquaintance with both types.

"Naturally there are degrees of happiness. Contentment gives happiness; and there are many poor, and a few rich, who are content with their lives and circumstances. They have contented hearts, and therefore are happy. They accept the ills of life, perhaps stoically, but perhaps with faith and love and trust,—the degree of their happiness depending upon their motive and manner of acceptance. But *real* happiness is attained only by those who sacrifice self for love's sake; who forget gladly, thankfully, the interests and desires of the personal self because they love someone or something infinitely more than they love themselves. And because there is no limit to self-forgetfulness, or to its gladness, there is no limit to the joy which flows from that source, or to the happiness of a life lived from that centre.

"What have possessions to do with that one and only source of joy! In what way can a Ford car or any other 'modern improvement' affect a soul that has discovered in the positive (not negative) conquest of the personal self, and in identification with a deeper, truer self, a river of living water!

"But that, it may be argued, is beyond us, and is certainly beyond the labouring man whose blissful (?) Sunday afternoon was pleaded by my critic. Yes; and whose fault is that! If happiness is several feet beyond my reach, I can blame God, or the world, or the constitution of society, or the perversity of my acquaintances and friends, and live in discontent for ever; or I can recognize my limitation as of my own making, and then, if I have real instead of fictitious desire, I can set to work to build a ladder that will enable me to reach to, and grasp, that which otherwise I could not touch. Clearly, if the labouring man, either with or without his Ford, is unselfishly trying to make his wife and children happy rather than himself, he has already begun to construct that ladder,—a second Jacob's ladder, to be built within his own heart, between earth and heaven; for I am not talking of the unobtainable, or of the high altitudes of chêlaship; I am talking of the secret of happiness as Theosophy in all ages has revealed it. I am speaking of the condition which Carlyle called 'blessedness', and which, he said, was attainable by 'every man who wears breeches'. I am repeating the dictum of Emerson: 'Thus do all things preach the indifferency of circumstances. The man is all.'

"The very simplicity of the conception, and the obviousness of its truth, blinds people perhaps. In any case, though some believe in it theoretically, comparatively few believe in it to the point of action, while the vast majority do not believe in it at all. No one believes in it who thinks that if only his friends would change their attitude, or if only circumstances were different, or if only he were understood (and appreciated), or if only he had more money,—*then* he would never murmur again. Yet it is one of the basic truths of life, and until a man has learned it through and through, what he calls 'living' is mere beating of the air. How I wish it might be understood!"

"Not so easy,—for the unaided mind", the Ancient commented. "See where your logic leads: *real* happiness, you said, is attained only by those who sacrifice

self for love's sake. Heaven knows I agree with you. Few truths are more fundamental. But experience proves conclusively that the more you love, the more you suffer; so you arrive at a paradox, which can be lifted above the plane of contradiction only by lifting yourself above the plane of the mind, there to perceive that suffering for love's sake is one of the most passionate joys of love. Women understand this, sometimes, better than men; yet, in a different way, men have experienced it at least as often and as deeply as women. It was this, and no less, that Rupert Brooke proved that he knew when he wrote amidst the horrors of Gallipoli:

> 'Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,
> Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.
> Honour has come back, as a King, to earth,
> And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
> And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
> And we have come into our heritage.'

"Yes: at all stages, the more we love, the more we suffer. Yet love is the light of life, and, without it, we live in darkness; without it, we are dead: and love must give itself, spend itself, pour out the last drop of its heart's blood, and can never rest content till it has done so. It is not only on the field of battle that man has his opportunity. It is perhaps easiest there; but the most commonplace environment provides the golden and never-returning chance, which man accepts or rejects according to his will,—which means, in fact, according to the measure of his love. To accept means freedom; to reject means slavery. How few understand! Yet every religion worthy of the name, teaches this truth, and has proclaimed it, sometimes by example, more often by precept, to unreceptive ears and unresponsive eyes since the beginning of time. '*Take* the yoke, and at once you realize that you have not really taken a yoke at all, but have rather fitted your nature with wings!' Thus wrote Henry W. Clark, a Congregational minister, in his *Laws of the Inner Kingdom*—an invaluable book; but, because he wrote from experience, and not merely from his head, the same statement, in almost the same words, might have been made by a follower of any of the world's Saviours, on the sole condition that his creed had wholeheartedly been practised, inwardly as well as outwardly,—just as the soldier's creed must be practised and not merely talked about, if it is to lead to the same result."

"I do not wish to drag the question down from the plane of first principles to that of superficialities", the Student now said; "but it might be wholesome for those who think of automobiles, and their wide-spread ownership, as a source of happiness, to be reminded of a prosaic but practical aspect of the matter which possibly they have overlooked. A recent advertizement of The Travelers Insurance Company states:

> "50,510 members of the A. E. F. were killed in action or died of wounds during the eighteen months that we were engaged in the World War.

> "51,400 persons were killed in automobile accidents during the eighteen months ended December 31, 1930. The number of automobile deaths may exceed 35,000 in 1931. Truly, the situation is worse than war!
>
> "There is no panacea which will quickly reduce the number of automobile accidents. No law, no great achievement in highway construction, no basic improvement in automotive design can stop people from maiming themselves and their neighbours on our streets and highways, even though better laws, better highways and better cars all help. The automobile accident problem is primarily a per-

"I am quoting from a newspaper clipping, and, to my regret, I cut the thing off just at that point,—too soon; but it went on to say that the problem is primarily a personal matter, depending far more upon human nature than upon circumstances: which was the Historian's thesis, though approached differently. And in case it may be supposed that children, in this respect, suffer less than adults, it may be as well to add that 'a nation-wide survey by the Federal Public Health Service reveals' (according to a *New York Times* headline): 'Auto Largest Cause of Children's Deaths'. I do not of course pretend to know the average, but perhaps it would be safe to assume that out of every hundred children taken into the country by their parents in a Ford or any other kind of a car, to eat their lunch by the roadside on a Sunday,—one returns minus at least a finger and some hair, while out of a still larger number, one poor child never returns at all! However, it is best to stick to facts, and the figures given by The Travelers are undoubtedly correct."

"Why not let the son of a peasant, and a poor man, speak for the poor?" the Engineer suggested. "Charles Péguy was articulate as his father had not been; and he loved his people, and had studied life deeply. So often it is the men who have something to sell who declare that human happiness depends upon man's ability to buy. 'Make Everybody Rich—Industry's New Goal', was the title of a Radio talk not long ago—or so the morning paper informed us—with the names of Henry Ford, Owen D. Young, and other prominent industrialists, freely quoted as authority. Péguy did not see things that way. On the contrary, comparing our present century with the XIVth or XVth, and apostrophizing the individual who clings to the fetishism of material progress, he asked whether the sum total of human suffering and distress had in any way been diminished. Has the heart of man changed? Does a father suffer less now, than then, when his child is ill and miserable? Does the lover suffer less from unrequited love? Does the man who dies now, die any less than he did then, or the man who grows old, grow old any less? Is humanity less—or more—subject to that inner torment which we have learned to call neurasthenia? Is there less temptation, now than then?

"Péguy was looking facts in the face, and was dealing with realities,—not with mere appearances.

"I once knew quite well a New York clergyman, now dead, who said he could not visit the poor in their homes because the sight of their poverty distressed him too greatly. He was in many ways a kindly soul, and he loved luxury. From

his point of view, poverty was the greatest evil in life. He called himself a Socialist. Dreading poverty, loving luxury, he wanted every one to live in luxury. He attributed to the poor, whom he did *not* visit, the desires and feelings of which he was full to overflowing. Envious of the very rich, he could not believe that some poor old woman could be happy in, and even proud of, what he regarded as her drab Sunday bonnet. It is so with most people,—assuming that they have a kindly disposition. They judge others by themselves, and then wish for others the things and conditions which they themselves chiefly desire. Another friend of mine once visited the poorest Italian quarter in one of our big cities, and was grieved and indignant to find two and sometimes three families living together in one room. It was discovered later that they refused to be separated. They preferred to live that way. It was more 'sociable', and it made possible certain strange peculiarities of conduct. In other words, if material success and prosperity be a man's chief aim in life—whether he recognizes that as his aim or not—he is almost certain to translate his desire as the paramount need of the world at large. It is the way the Missionaries used to feel: they very rightly preferred to wear clothes, so the naked South Sea Islander, if once you could push him into them, would also, naturally and inevitably, prefer to wear similar clothes. It is only the man who has learned that the secret of happiness lies within his own heart and soul, and that its attainment depends upon his obedience to divine law, who *can* see in that discovery—which is open to everyone—the one real cure of this world's ills."

"In other words", said the Orientalist, "the secret of happiness lies in right self-identification, or, as followers of the Mi-tsung, or Chên-yen Tsung (Branch) of Buddhism would say: Nirvana is to be found in *what is*,—in this world, in this body, in this present moment, seeing that we are, in our real selves, at one with the Eternal, and seeing that the chief purpose of life is to teach us to find the Eternal in the transitory".

"A queer kind of Buddhism!" the Student exclaimed.

"No," the Orientalist replied. "Not in the least queer, though very different as doctrine from that of the Hinayana, or Little Vehicle, School, with which Europe and America are so familiar,—the Buddhism of Ceylon, Siam and Burma. The Hinayanist seeks Nirvana, or in any case 'places' it, as it were, outside of, and beyond this world, rather as the orthodox Christian thinks of Heaven. But the Chên-yen School, which is, in my opinion, the culmination of Mahayana teaching—the Buddhism of North and East—regards the Hinayana doctrine as food for babes, and as only one stage removed from the materialism which imagines that happiness can be found in the things and activities of physical existence. Chên-yen, or, rather, its followers, would point out that to turn from the world because it is a world of suffering, is merely the opposite pole, on the same plane, of plunging into the world because it is a world of pleasure,—something which is perfectly obvious, once you stop to think about it, but which at first sight may be found bewildering. Yet the Chên-yen Tsung insists that all these untruths and half truths are stages on the Way, and that all of them serve the purposes of the Eternal. There are many Branches or

Schools of Buddhism, and every one of them, it is said, is intended to meet the needs of different individuals at different rounds of the evolutionary ladder."

"How did the Chên-yen School originate?"

"Its followers claim that Buddha taught this doctrine while incarnated, but taught it in his spiritual body to those only who could hear him in their spiritual bodies,—and much of Chên-yen teaching is still esoteric. It was Nâgârjuna who finally put *some* of the Buddha's esoteric doctrine into words, and who brought that much of it within the reach of the many."

"Theoretically", said the Philosopher, "it is easy enough to believe that philosophical untruths and half truths serve the purposes of the Eternal, but I really do not see how the worshipper of this world's goods and honours can be benefited by his worship."

"Doubtless we have to allow for negative as well as for positive benefits", the Orientalist replied. "The worshipper of Mammon will learn in time, perhaps, that his worldly success fails utterly to give him what he really wants, which is happiness. So he may turn to some form of 'other worldliness', such as Hinayana Buddhism,—a doctrine, by the way, in which most of us need total submersion for a considerable period of time."

"Why?"

"Because it attacks and undermines the idea of a permanent selfhood, and because it insists that personal existence, on any terms and in any circumstances, is dust and ashes. It is a half truth, but invaluable as a purge. Most orthodox Christians think of themselves as permanent realities. John Smith sees himself stepping forward on the Day of Judgment and answering 'Here, Sir!' as his name is called among the saved. He may be hazy as to what comes next, but he takes it for granted that, even if a better man, he will be the same man; and while there is an element of truth in this conviction, the predominating elements of illusion tend to build up in him a colossal egotism, with a general sense that his own feelings are matters of vital importance in the economy of the universe. If he could once become saturated with the belief that his personality is a myth, and that, as his Bible tells him, life 'is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away',—he might in any case empty himself sufficiently to be able to assimilate the deeper truths of Theosophy without turning them into active poisons. The longer I live, the more certain I become that Theosophy is for the very, very few, and that 'the danger is great, if we receive the same unworthily'—the warning repeated to all, in all ages and in all religions, who have sought to partake of the 'holy mysteries'. It is not new truths that are needed, either by us or by the world; it is absolute fidelity to the truths already known. At best, being formulations, they are but stepping-stones toward the one changeless and eternal Truth; but unless we obey, with simplicity and loyalty of heart, such reflections of Truth as we see, our hearts themselves, and then our minds, must become corrupt and perverted. . . . As to happiness, I agree: there is no such thing, either in this world or in the next, except as we learn to love the divine Will; and we can never learn to love it except as the result of humble, faithful, whole-souled obedience to its behests."

T.

A FORGOTTEN PLEDGE

(By the Author of *Some Modern Failings, Our Overwhelming Virtues*, etc.)

SHALL I be pardoned if once again I speak to you, the European members? It will be for the last time I fear. It is for the third time. Since that which I ventured to express before has been interpreted by some in a manner foreign to my meaning, I would now endeavour to indicate my line of thought more clearly. If I am asked with what authority I speak, I answer: with absolutely none. "I have not so received it; I shall not so impart it." There is no authority of which I know beyond that touchstone in the soul which gives back an answering light when truth is uttered. That touchstone is not possessed by all men. It is also easy to confound emotion with that quiet, unmoving voice of soul. It is often thus confounded. The soul does not appeal to sentiment: it appeals to Itself in others. Therefore I think that all things should be taken or rejected on their merits, apart from persons; but as some are fond of names, and prize that name more than this, I may now say that in the February number of *The Path* there will be found my other name and further details—uninteresting I should hope. The name, without the details, will be given in the next issue of *The Irish Theosophist.*

I have discovered in an early volume of *Lucifer* (vol. iii., p. 63), then conducted by the Adept H.P.B., an article of melancholy interest. It is entitled "The Meaning of a Pledge." In it is given a form of pledge, three clauses of which I will quote:

"(1) I pledge myself to endeavour to make Theosophy a living factor in my life.

"(3) I pledge myself never to listen, without protest, to any evil thing spoken of a brother Theosophist, and to abstain from condemning others.

"(4) I pledge myself to maintain a constant struggle against my lower nature, and to be charitable to the weaknesses of others.

"So Help Me, My Higher Self."

Those three clauses are purely ethical; yet practically occult. Greatly is it to be regretted that this pledge has not been more widely taken. Some appear to have given it no second thought after once it had been read, though it con-

tains within it the ideal of theosophic action. It has lain forgotten in an old number of a magazine: printed words; a body, crying out to the gods to be given a soul. And if the gods had answered to that cry, if this pledge had been taken —and kept—from how much trouble would this Section of the Society have been saved! Certainly the trouble mostly consists of clatter, of dust, and a little heat; for I think there is no real crisis just at present. I think that the crisis was over before the turning inward of H.P.B.; before she left that body. Having conquered, she left. People see the physical expression, the dregs and fumes of a great contest, and take it to be the reality. It is only the shadow.

H.P.B. knew who would make safe her conquests. She knew who would forsake her. Is anyone sure "she" is not active in the midst of all to-day, unseen though present? But apart from that, consider with me this pledge. Observe how all disturbance could have been avoided by following its simple rules. "I pledge myself never to listen, without protest, to any evil thing spoken of a brother Theosophist." This would, no doubt, also mean that "a derogatory or slanderous statement made against a fellow Theosophist, in the presence of a member, shall not be permitted by him to pass without protest, unless he knows it is true, *in which case he should remain silent*". One can also understand that "repetition of statements or gossip derogatory of others must be avoided". Those are elementary rules of brotherhood; progress is barred by their violation. So also would it be a violation of such a pledge to "bring any charge of whatever nature against another member", for the Law of the Lodge does not permit that the Companions should usurp the office of Police. How easy, again, is it to see that "suspicions as to the character of members are prejudicial to advancement". Suspicion is a force; it creates a form, which lives and festers and creates other kindred forms. The sphere of the mind coagulates, crystallizes, and rots if the evil growth be not expelled. Sometimes it may be destroyed as by fire. But leaving occult effects, and they are many, is it not clear that to the suspicious mind all things are proof of guilt? If I tell you a man is insane, and you believe it, is not each act of his a proof to you of his insanity? He treads by chance on a fly, and you think he is having a mild attack of homicidal mania. Suspicion blinds and warps the mind: in time it may destroy the soul. And if this pledge had been given a life, suspicions would have been abandoned, slanderous statements would not have been repeated, charges would not have been brought, and Theosophy would have become a power in the life as well as on the platform and on paper. Do any still think that eating little or eating much—raw beef or grass—makes of man a Theosophist? "Neither do thou think at all highly of thyself, nor account thyself to be specially beloved, if thou be in a state of great devotion and sweetness," as Thomas à Kempis wrote. Many emotions can no more make a man theosophical than the mere possession of much intellect.

Who was the centre of the attacks levelled some years ago? That centre was H.P.B. And as that great conductor of the Society's Karma is no longer visibly here—shielding with her mighty arm this child of the ages and our hopes —another has to fill the office of scapegoat. That scapegoat is William Q.

Judge.[1] If befoulment is necessary from without, let it not come from within! The wise bird does not soil its own nest. Yet it seems that the "Theosophical" bird is not always wise. Compare the pledge I have quoted, which, as I say, may be taken to represent the ideal of theosophic action as concerns those points upon which it touches—compare that pledge with such statements as these, which were recently made by prominent members:

"I [Mrs. Besant] went to America, and there at the end of September [1893] learned that the rumours of fraud were well founded [after many previous 'suspicions']; this determined me to collect what evidence was available and to see what there was in India, whither I started in October. The evidence I found in India, with the connecting links I was able to supply, made a—to my mind—convincing case against Mr. Judge; the case was imperfect as Col. Olcott and Mr. [Bertram] Keightley had it, and it was not possible for them to proceed in such a matter on insufficient evidence [did they wish to?]; the facts I knew were insufficient by themselves; but the two sets dovetailed into each other and made a case strong enough to justify public action" (*The Theosophical Society and the Westminster Gazette*, pp. 10, 11). And another statement, by Mr. Bertram Keightley: "In January, 1893, largely thanks (*sic*) to additional facts supplied by Mr. W. R. Old, I felt that sufficient evidence was available upon which to take public action . . . but [later] found that several of the most material links in our chain of evidence broke down utterly" (pp. 15, 16). And whilst this scheming and plotting was going on, and the future man-hunt was being skilfully planned, was the accused informed by his fellow-worker and closely-bound associate, Mrs. Besant, that doubts or suspicions were entertained against him? Not a word was said—not a sign was given! But in "January, 1894," he was threatened with the publication of the charges, although *not informed as to their nature*, unless he promptly resigned all the offices he held. If he had been guilty, no chance was given him to reform, no word of warning was uttered, no efforts were made to help a brother who was presumed to have sinned; but in secret and in the darkness, under promises of secrecy, the "evidence" was stealthily compared, patched together and made to "dovetail". And kindly letters were being written meanwhile to one who was being privately condemned as a forger. My Brothers, it is a frightful thing to look upon, but uncharitable would he be who would try to show that this was the result of anything worse than delusion. As defence is necessary, it is not possible to avoid a statement of facts, but, having noted those facts, let us quickly turn away the mind from things that concern us only in so far as defence of the innocent is concerned.[2]

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[1] I should say that this is written without Mr. Judge's knowledge or consent. Not a word has been said or written to him on the matter. It is only right to add that he highly deprecates any defence of himself at present, writing instead to his friends—"Work, work, work, and cast no one out of your heart." But I am more concerned with principles than persons.—C. W. T.

[2] To-day, these things concern us for the Work's sake and for the future. At that time there was still a ray of hope that those people would turn and repent. Every effort was made to hold the door wide open for them. They did not repent, but went from bad to worse, feeding their delusion, from that day to this, with an increasing sense of their own righteousness, confirming themselves in all their evil. Now, therefore, it is our duty, not to forget, but to remember,—just as, for the same reason, we must remember and never forget the ways of Germany. History repeats itself. Mrs. Besant, for one, will appear in the Movement again and again,—probably in the guise

No wonder then, that with these suspicions in the mind, and with this hideous injustice of silent condemnation and stealthy plotting going on—no wonder that everything was taken as confirmatory evidence, and that dire confusion arose as to fact. Compare such contradictory statements as the following, made [by Mrs. Besant] with only a few months between them:

"I managed by myself to direct a copy of this inquiry, with my statement that I believed that these forgeries had been made. . ." (*Should Mr. Judge Resign?* p. 6).

"I wish it to be distinctly understood that I do not charge and have not charged Mr. Judge with forgery in the ordinary sense of the term, but with giving a misleading material form to messages *received psychically from the Master* in various ways. . ." (*Neutrality of the T. S.* pamphlet, p. 13).

"I made a statement in which I declared my own firm belief that these letters were not genuine . . ." (*Should Mr. Judge Resign?* p. 5); and "I agreed to make the statement that has been printed, affirming my belief that Mr. Judge had simulated the handwritings ascribed to the Masters, and that the messages received by myself from him were not genuine" (*The Theosophical Society and the Westminster Gazette*, p. 12).

Besides comparing this with the above quotation in regard to "messages received psychically from the Master in various ways," I find it further said in the *Neutrality of the T. S.* pamphlet (p. 13):

"I believe that he has often received direct messages from the Masters and from their chêlas, guiding and helping him in his work. I believe that he has sometimes received messages for other people in one or other of the ways that I will mention in a moment . . ." In regard "to letters given to me by Mr. Judge" —"not genuine," as stated now: "I also believe that the gist of these messages was psychically received, and that *Mr. Judge's error* lay in giving them to me in a script written by himself and not saying that he had done so" (p. 14).

Such confusion of mind is appalling, and it should be further remembered that, according to all accounts, it is not customary for a chêla to explain the exact method of his reception and transmission of messages. Mrs. Besant has been accused of deception, because in her Hall of Science statement she led many to believe that she herself had directly received some written messages from Masters, whereas in fact she had only done so through Mr. Judge. But it is not necessary, in my opinion, to explain such matters to those whose concern it is not—at least it certainly should not have been necessary in Mr. Judge's case, for, as he has said, "It was not thought by me necessary to insult a woman of her intellectual ability, who had read all about those things, by explaining all she was supposed to know" (*Isis and the Mahatmas*, pp. 6, 7).

It should further be remembered that whilst Mrs. Besant asserts that these messages were written down by Mr. Judge, she at the same time admits she does

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of a powerful helper; almost certainly to make wrack and ruin of whatever she is allowed to touch. With the Karma of this life heavy upon her, rigid with self-approval, she will do as she has done. Therefore, for the Work's sake, remember,—and beware; and may the reprinting of this pamphlet be of service to that end.—E.T.H.

not know under what conditions: "consciously or automatically I do not know" (*Neutrality of the T. S.*, p. 13). Mrs. Besant asserts, but she does not "know" anything about the matter. Mr. Judge very properly refuses to say "how or by what means they were produced" (those that actually came through him amongst the alleged messages). If I might suggest a question: How were messages produced through H.P.B.?

Further sad confusion of mind is shown on other points; amongst them this is of special gravity. Speaking of the Committee of Honour for which Mr. Judge asked: "But there is another way, which I now take, and which, if you approve it, will put an end to this matter" (*Neutrality of T. S.*, p. 12). That "way" was approved, as the resolution moved by Mr. Bertram Keightley shows: it was taken to be a "final settlement of matters". Mrs. Besant had promised that her statement would stop the affair, so far as she at least was concerned, and the members who voted in favour of Mr. B. Keightley's resolution fully agreed to the settlement. What, then, was Mrs. Besant's next step, immediately after she had publicly given that assurance? The circular entitled *Occultism and Truth*, in regard to which Mrs. Besant *now* states as follows: "I drew up that statement and took weighty names to sign it, because I considered the protest was necessary *against the policy adopted by Mr. Judge;*" and then come phrases as to "paltering with truth" and "fraud of any kind" (*Should Mr. Judge Resign?* p. 6).

If it were not for delusion such action could only be called hypocritical. It was unworthy of Mrs. Besant in every single respect.

Further statements of hers show the same confusion. It is not true to say that Mrs. Besant has been "challenged also by Mr. Judge with the practice of black magic, and with working under black magicians". Many members know that statement to be false, and that Mr. Judge has always said that Mrs. Besant had "no conscious evil intention." Nor is it true to say that "The Vice-President of our Society attacks the whole of the Indian section, and all its Brahman members." Such an assertion is simply grotesque, and well exemplifies Mrs. Besant's present method of reckless accusation. Few people have worked harder for the East than Mr. Judge has worked. But saddest of all are these sentences: ". . . I am bound to tell you that on every platform on which I shall stand I shall be met with this difficulty as to dishonour. I will bear it. I will face it, and stand by the Society despite the difficulty" (*Should Mr. Judge Resign?* pp. 8, 9). The now angry defamer protesting readiness to bear the dishonour put upon her by the defamed! The creator of the "difficulty" taking up the attitude of a martyr, when the man who has been accused, defamed, and betrayed, goes quietly on with the work of Theosophy without a word of complaint or reproach! "*I* will bear it. *I* will face it," the *accuser* says.

But Mrs. Besant further says, "When I return there will be a very strong, if not an overwhelming party in favour of the policy of truth, of absolute honour and uprightness." I trust that may be so; I trust that hypocrisy will be laid down, that this "forgotten pledge" will no longer be allowed to slumber in the land of ideality. For the root of the present trouble lies in its abandonment. Once before have I reminded you of those words in the Shî King: "If my friends

would reverently watch over themselves, would slanderous speeches be made?" In the name of truth you are asked to condemn a man. You are reminded of your motto, "There is no religion higher than Truth," and you are told to support it "in the world's face". An evil day, indeed, when, in order to produce a smile of sweet approval on that world's face, you have to belie your own souls and degrade the name of Truth into a cry to hounds. Since when has the opinion of the world become a worthy motive for any action? Since when has Theosophy interpreted a search for Truth as involving full investigation of other people's characters—of "a Brother's" character? Your detective, Sherlock Holmes, must be very near Mahâtma-ship; though I shall be told I am exaggerating the method now pursued. I am only showing its logical conclusion. In the name of Truth men have cut each others' throats, and now in the name of Truth you are asked to pillory an occultist. A favourite pastime it would seem. But would that Truth were seen to in our words, and thoughts, and promises, and were less talked about and preached upon. We should then see less hypocrisy, less self-righteousness, and perchance a little charity. For one thing I am glad: the name of Brotherhood has not yet been made to serve its time as an incentive to this "righteous" persecution.

Though I seem to digress, I would ask you to give one thought to motive. A member is publicly attacked, and in the world's opinion he thereupon becomes a fraud. This, in the minds of some, becomes a slur upon themselves. They are annoyed that a Brother should cause them a moment's inconvenience. What have they done that they should suffer the laughter and jibes of the world? Why should they endure it? They will not; they angrily disown him. He is not theirs—they have always thought him a cheat, and *now* he must go. The Occultism in which they pretend to believe must not be made the cause of laughter at their own expense, must not encroach upon their comfort. They make a scapegoat of their Brother. He must go, for they must be cleansed of such a plague-spot. Brothers and some Companions! is that the teaching of the Master? Is that the teaching of the heart? Did not a Knower of these things once write that "he who would lift up high the banner of mysticism and proclaim its reign near at hand must give the example to others. . . . regarding the study of the occult mysteries as the upper step in the ladder of knowledge, he must loudly proclaim it such, despite exact science and the opposition of society" (Master K.H., in the *Occult World*). Would you reap the benefits and not pay the cost; would you take *The Letters* and reject the phenomena? *You cannot.* And I say that fear is the hidden cause of half the protests which have been made. Over a year ago I made bold to suggest a certain line of thought (*Lucifer*, Dec. 1893): "Then a worse storm brews, and some foul charge is brought against one or another leader by an enemy, who, perhaps, *makes use of a tool* for his hidden purpose. At the first dark accusation such loyalty flies with unblushing haste. Doubts come. Some stray, thoughtless word dropped by another before the trouble was even dreamt of, springs into life again, revivified by the currents of suspicion. Then the 'soldier' quavers, pauses, looks behind him for some safe escape, and his battle is recorded where soulless deeds are written.

Such forget that charges brought can hardly ever be disproved, and also that a soul of honour is very slow in self-defence. But that they would not understand." They have not understood.

But if on honest search you find that motive in your mind, however subtly hidden, I would ask you, for your own sake, to tear it out by the roots.

Another motive that has led a few to join in this persecution is a form of curiosity. They think that secrets are being kept from them. Perhaps by forcing matters they may discover something of Practical Occultism in the process, more about "Masters", more about phenomena. And they think at the price such knowledge would be useful?

Yet another motive is a mixture of pride and jealousy. Irritation arises when some other is said to know a little more than they do. To be an agent of the Masters is quite preposterous presumption, intolerable impertinence. And they sneer in their silly way at those who believe that nature is continuous, and that there are human reservoirs and ganglionic centres in the world of mind and spirit as well as in the world of matter. I have seen a child fall into a violent rage with a little one younger in years than himself, because the youngest said he had been to the seaside, and described the sands by the sea. The elder had not had that privilege. I have known a man who would rather starve to death in the streets, and so deprive his family of even his moral support, than take a crust of bread from a wealthy friend.[3] Those are not admirable qualities.

And now to the issue before the members of this Society. They have nothing to forgive, but they have much to forget. I would ask them again to forget what it has been necessary to say above in regard to Mrs. Besant.[4] It would never have been said at all by me, had not many members openly affirmed that they cared not in the least for newspaper attacks, and only thought the charges serious because such a woman as Mrs. Besant endorsed them—even acted as the prosecutor. But honesty does not confer sound judgment; high moral tendency does not in itself imply a knowledge of occultism, or render delusion of mind impossible.[5] Suspicion and secretly circulated slander debase the judgment, and, as I have tried to show, such things warp the vision so that every word and act affords fresh proof of guilt. Therefore I claim that the endorsement of charges by a mind in that condition is worthless, and must count for nothing. Therefore I claim that this infamous man-hunt should be abandoned, stopped, forgotten.

Is H.P.B. so soon a thing of the past that her Child, the Theosophical Society,

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[3] This is badly expressed, because open to misunderstanding. It is a matter difficult to make clear briefly. The only man who could act rightly in such circumstances would be one who regarded the maintenance of a code of honour as more important than physical sustenance, whether for himself or his family.—E.T.H.

[4] See my earlier footnote on this subject.—E.T.H.

[5] It should be understood that, in line with Judge's wish and direction, every effort was made at that time to give the most charitable interpretation to Mrs. Besant and her behaviour. In the hope that she might still be able to see the light and react, she was left this path for her return. The intervening years, alas, have proved the futility of that effort.

"Honesty" and "high moral tendency" were used in the ordinary sense, for honesty in the spiritual and occult sense, *does* confer sound judgment and much more. There are plenty of men who would not steal who are incapable of the higher honesty.—E.T.H.

is anxious to hand itself over to a representative of *modern* India, to a Brahman who is *not* on the line of H.P.B.? I say that if Mr. Judge resigns you will at once have one put in his place who is bound to this Brahman of a different line, to whom, if Mrs. Besant speaks correctly, "some of the noblest of our people in England look at the present time . . . as one of the best representatives of Eastern thought in the movement", and on whose behalf both Mrs. Besant and Mr. Bertram Keightley so eloquently appeal for public sympathy. I further say that if this should happen your President will shortly afterwards be removed, and another will be forced into his place, who will also be a servile follower of thought and work which is alien to that of H.P.B. There is no sneer implied in speaking of "modern India". But modern Hindûism is not synonymous with the ancient Wisdom Religion, whose chief inheritors now live without its borders—beyond the Himâlayas, as H.P.B. so often said and wrote. Yet the true "Budhism" of the Heart is found in East and West and North and South, though cycles carry it here and there as century follows century.

But choose now: choose consciously, and not with eyes fast closed to fact. Choose if you will have the Child of H.P.B. pass to the hands of others, or be led as she wished it to be led. And if you doubt that Mr. Judge does really represent that great Initiate H.P.B., and if you care at all for her opinion—and you may be a good Theosophist and yet not care—then I would remind you that she wrote of him, "He has been a part of myself for æons past"; that a Master wrote of him many years ago as one "who, of all Chêlas, suffers most, and demands, or even expects, the least." Further, that H.P.B. prophesied a long while since that attacks would be made upon him and then called upon Theosophists to defend him "*when the time comes*", saying that "Brother Judge refuses to defend himself, even more than I have refused to defend myself after the Coulomb conspiracy. No man who knows himself innocent ever will. But is that a reason why *we* should let him go undefended? It is our bounden duty to support him, in every way, with our sympathy and influence, energetically, not in a half-hearted, timid way". Do you know that H.P.B. wrote that, in regard to her teaching, she feared a Section of the Society under Mr. Judge's direction "will be the only one to profit by it, for verily, many are the called, but few the chosen"? Do you think she was quite blind in regard to the future? Again, have you forgotten that Mr. Judge was one of the "two Europeans" whom H.P.B. said she taught even before the writing of *Isis Unveiled* (see *Secret Doctrine*, vol. I., p. xix). Then I would remind you that a Master wrote of him to H.P.B. as "the Resuscitator of Theosophy in the United States", and said, concerning the attitude of members towards Mr. Judge, that "Ingratitude *is a crime in occultism*". It was in the same letter that the Master said if any member wished to know how *they* would feel towards Mr. Judge, let him refer to one of the letters in the *Occult World*, showing how Mahâtma K.H. flatly refused to replace either H.P.B. or Col. Olcott in spite of the boons which were promised if that were done. More than this, and although the remark will create much scorn in the minds (and mouths) of some, I venture to suggest as possible that at this day H.P.B., the Lion-Hearted, flatly refuses

to allow her "Friend, Brother and Son, W. Q. Judge," to resign the office of Vice-President.

Knowing what you do, is it not easy to see that all his enemies desire is that he shall resign? They do not want him to defend himself—to explain. They hope he will never explain. They want him to resign, and then appoint one of their own number to fill his office. Resignation now would mean a refusal later on to hear his explanation. Now choose if you will turn him out of office; if you will deprive yourselves of his services; if you will make of him a scapegoat for your belief in the occult; if you will cut off from yourselves this link between the Western world and the "trans-Himâlayan esoteric knowledge". The time has come for choice, and Nature spews out of her mouth all those who are neither hot nor cold. Delay is no longer possible, for he who abstains from right action is as much to blame as he who acts in error. Yet if even now you are in doubt, keep still—though it is late indeed. Better to stand still, though at your peril, than take a fatal step. But listen for the voice of soul. It does not doubt, because *it knows*. In the silence that follows the tumult of the mind, the soul will speak—and then listen and quickly obey. For this trouble is a test, both of the intuition and good sense of one and all. It was intended as a test; it has been effective as a test. And it is a sign of health and fitness that such a test is given. "To form the nucleus of a universal Brotherhood" was this Society founded, and therefore is it each one's conception of brotherhood which is really under trial. If it were merely a person's honour and place—unenviable place—which has to be protected, the matter would have long since ceased to trouble you. Mr. Judge's resignation would have been tendered many months ago. Unfortunately for Mr. Judge the question is far graver. The welfare of the Society is at stake—the Society of which he was one of the founders. More important than the Society are its principles, and these, as I have tried to show, stand in sore need of strong upholding.

Are the reason and result of tests like this not understood by all? See how the Chêla who aims to progress ahead of his race that he may the better serve it—how he develops by means of the shocks and trials drawn down by his aspirations. It is the same with the Theosophical Society as an organism: it progresses more rapidly than ordinary bodies by reason of the ganglionic shocks it undergoes. *Existing* causes are used, if I am not mistaken, as means by which such shocks can be provided. The trouble is not made by those behind the scenes, but once it exists it is directed to a useful end. Thus with suspicion. Once present in the mind as seed, and in the minds of many, it is necessary to let it come to its natural death, or life and growth, in the mind of each. It would be folly to prevent its physical expression; to smooth appearances at the expense of the seat of the disease. If left to fester in the mind the result is far more fatal than when vent is given to the thought. So the occultist who sees these suspicions, allows them to run their course, *unless* his fellows come to him in truth and trust for an explanation. Then he gives it, but only then. Otherwise he does not oppose the workings of Karma. It would be useless. Therefore he lets it go on, until the seed has fully flowered; do you not see that

each one is following out his own nature in the test? Do you not see that if all had been disproved some months ago, those who believe now would have believed still, and those who now condemn would only have smothered the seed of doubt for a time? Now that seed is flowering luxuriously, verdantly—green against the sky. But it is working out; it is working *off*.

So I say STAND. The past is up in arms against the future; legions are on the march. WATCH, and you will see the slough cast off by the serpent. Look within for thine own light and thou shalt see where the light shines without thee. WORK, and thou shalt pierce the shadows round the heart, shalt make a pathway to the sunlight through the gloom.

May it go well with thee!

CHE-YEW-TSĂNG.

February 3rd, 1895.

And because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.—TENNYSON.

What is it I can trust?
Christ's love—
God's law—
Nature's obedience—
The intentions of a few—a
very few—friends.—CAVÉ.

REVIEWS

In Memory of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, by Some of her Pupils; John M. Watkins, London, reprinted 1931; price, 6*s.* 6*d.*

This is an invaluable book, though full of tragic significance. It consists of articles about H. P. B. by those who had known her personally, written by them very soon after her death. They were then at their best,—full of gratitude, affection, respect and admiration, which gave them, momentarily, some glimmer of understanding. The tragedy lies in the fact that most of them soon came to think themselves wiser and better than she was, and therefore fit to sit in judgment upon her; with the result that they became, though in different ways, enemies of the Cause to which she had given her life. The exceptions include W. Q. Judge, Jasper Niemand, Archibald Keightley, Charles Johnston, Franz Hartmann, and perhaps some others,—for we do not know what death-bed repentance may have accomplished, or may still accomplish, on behalf of the remainder. We are glad that the book has been reprinted.

T.

A Comparative Study of the Literatures of Egypt, Palestine and Mesopotamia, by T. Eric Peet; Oxford University Press, New York; price, $2.50.

Here is a book which anyone even moderately interested in ancient literature will read with great interest. Professor Peet has long been a very distinguished man in his own field, and he tells us frankly that, despite the comprehensive sound of the title, he has (being an Egyptologist) given more consideration to Egypt than to Babylonia; while he almost completely avoids any literary analysis of the Hebrew writings, assuming a working knowledge of these on the part of his readers. In past years there was much discussion regarding the extent to which the Hebrews were indebted in their own literature, to that of Egypt and Babylonia, but it is now a well-established fact that when the earliest books of the Bible were being written, the Pyramid Texts were already thousands of years old, and that these had their source in records far, far antedating them, but which are now lost in the night of time. That the Old Testament owes much in actual content and inspiration both to Sumeria and to Egypt, has long been evident; one has but to compare certain passages in the Psalms with Akhnaton's great Hymn to the Sun, or the Babylonian account of Creation or of the Flood, with the Pentateuch. Professor Peet is, however, primarily concerned with the three ancient literatures from the point of view of their purely literary value, and at the very outset we are in immediate and sympathetic accord when he reminds us of the difficulties which the translator has to meet. The study of ancient Egyptian is still in its infancy, for it is little more than a hundred years since Champollion's time. The actual phonetics of the language is still very much unknown to us, for vowels were almost completely absent in hieroglyphic writing, and even the pronunciation of many of the consonants is still a matter of open dispute, our present relatively limited knowledge having been reached through the Coptic, and occasionally by means of cuneiform equivalents of Egyptian words. This being the case, it is wellnigh impossible to form any idea of the actual sound, or to get the rhythm of Egyptian prose or poetry. But, to the layman, an imperfect knowledge of the vocalization of words is not the real ground of complaint; it is the *quality* of many of the translations as they are given

to him, to which he takes exception. In regretting that Egyptian literature has not received more attention from students of the Old Testament, Professor Peet writes: "Let me at once confess, however, that the fault lies partly with the Egyptologists themselves. The Old Testament, like the New, has been singularly fortunate in its translators. Their rendering is not always accurate—how could it be?—but from a literary point of view it is of the first order." The case is, unfortunately, very different with Egyptologists, who do not always "combine literary gifts with philological", the result being that, "anxious to justify the accuracy of their renderings by showing precisely how they were obtained, they have produced bald, literal, stilted translations which may have their value for the philologist, but which for the layman are often nearly unintelligible". The tyro in Egyptology will indeed be grateful for this generous admission, and may perhaps be willing to forget his oft-repeated sighs over some dry-as-dust interpretation of an obviously glorious ancient text. "What is true of Egyptian is also true in a slightly smaller degree of Babylonian, and . . . there can be no doubt that the aridity of our renderings has largely deprived both of their due measure of consideration." So, in any attempt to compare Egyptian literature with that of the Hebrews, "the inestimable superiority of the biblical translation must be taken into account."

The student of Theosophy, however, will feel that the real difficulty which the student and translator of ancient literatures has to meet, is not philological; it is not even his possible lack of a "literary gift"; it is the almost total lack of appreciation that there is occult meaning—one might say actual occult information—hidden within every line of these archaic texts, and that the *validity* of this information is as overwhelming to-day as it was thousands upon thousands of years ago; and one of the things which every student of Theosophy must sincerely regret, is the kind of indulgent tolerance with which archæologists, in common with the modern world, look upon magic in all its forms. Even to one who has no more than a superficial knowledge of the Ancient Wisdom, the Pyramid Texts are veritable gold mines of esoteric hints. Maspero, who was the first to attempt a translation, was more than conscious of the difficulty, one might almost say the impossibility of bringing his task to a successful conclusion (though this was not wholly because of recognized linguistic perplexities); others have since declared that these texts will *never* be translated correctly, because the key to the archaic language is lost. Egyptologists as a whole do not realize, however, that what they lack is not the key to the language as such, but the key to the *inner meaning* of the language. The famous so-called "Cannibal Hymn" is an example—though in a short review it is impossible to do more than touch on these matters. The "Cannibal Hymn" has received its sinister name from the fact that, in crude, exoteric language, the dead Pharaoh, the representative when on earth of The One Ineffable, is described not only as feeding upon his ancestors, almost bone for bone, but as devouring the gods, whole or in part, into the bargain; and as the various translations stand, the picture, drawn with great physiological detail, is certainly most unpleasant if taken literally. Viewed cosmically, and in the light of the immemorial doctrine of correspondences, the entire content of these texts is illuminated. Looked upon as records (even if fragmentary records) of incredibly ancient Mystery Rites, veiled to the uninitiated but an open book to those who had passed behind the veil, we have, as we read, a sense of reverence, and we do not feel that the subject is "ghoulish and unsympathetic". Esoteric truths are not graven on stone where those who run may read, and if the "religious outlook" of the Egyptian appears "deplorable" as Professor Peet declares, the student of Theosophy would maintain that we must distinguish between the Great Initiates who tried to impart, in a necessarily veiled form, the Ancient Wisdom of which they were the custodians, to the people at large,—and those people themselves. Ritual of all kinds hides that which is far deeper than the mere words; it is often couched in language which no one would dream of taking literally. Professor Sayce, in referring to the "Cannibal Hymn", speaks forcibly on this point, and although he is an Assyriologist, he takes sharp issue with most of the Egyptologists in their interpretation of it, reminding us that the verb "to eat" is, in some languages, actually synonymous with the verb "to exist". In the XLIInd Chapter of *The Book of the Dead* (other instances may be found elsewhere), there is much the same detailed list of parts of the human

body as there is in the "Cannibal Hymn" of the Pyramid Texts, but whereas in the latter these separate organs would seem to be identified with special and individual powers, in the former, the human members are identified with the gods themselves. This primitive "cannibalism" represents, therefore, "the transmutation of one form into another, or the correlation of forces," as *The Secret Doctrine* informs us; it is a record of supernormal experience; it is part of the Mystery Teaching which has come down to us through the ages. It must, however, be admitted that Egyptologists *have*, to a certain extent, recognized that, by "devouring the gods", the ancient Egyptian believed himself to be absorbing their force (indeed it could hardly be otherwise, since in the "Cannibal Hymn" itself we are told as much; for of Unas—the particular Pharaoh in question—it is written, regarding his heavenly feast: "He has swallowed the intelligence of every god"); but, unfortunately, the general *interpretation*, the interpretation of such phrases for instance as: "Unas feeds on the lungs of the Wise Ones", seems to be so amazingly literal, not to say materialistic, and the whole subject appears to convey to its students so little of reality other than the mere words (a kind of unrestrained orgy on the part of primitive man), that the inner significance of such a text as the "Cannibal Hymn", is not only almost completely lost, but, what is most to be regretted, the Hymn itself is falsified.

While we are immensely indebted to Professor Peet for a book which is not only delightful reading, but which is also an admirable guide for comparing and estimating the value of the three literatures under discussion, the question must nevertheless remain in the mind of any student of Theosophy: Is it possible to translate these ancient texts, particularly those that are obviously esoteric, with the degree of accuracy at which scholarship justly aims, unless the translator be, at least to some extent, an occultist as well as an archæologist? One would think not. T. D.

El Libro de Chilam Balam de Chumayel, version de Maya por Antonio Mediz Bolio; Imprenta y Libreria Lehmann, San José, Costa Rica, 1930; price, $2.50.

Of all the books of Central America before the Conquest, only three codices in glyphs remain. There are, however, a few works written by natives shortly after the arrival of the Spaniards, in the Maya and Quiche tongues, but in Spanish script. Of these, the Popul Vuh in Quiche, and the Books of Chilam Balam in Maya, are the most important.

There are several collections called books of Chilam Balam or books of the Tiger Priest, but that of Chumayel is the largest and most interesting. The original manuscript has vanished from the library where it was kept but, fortunately, a complete photograph was made of it before its disappearance and has been published by the University of Pennsylvania. Hitherto only a short part of it had been translated. The present Spanish is entire, and should prove of great value to students of the Maya. Señor Mediz Bolio is a native of Merida in Yucatan, and by his knowledge of the Maya language, as well as by his distinguished scholarship, is eminently fitted to make this most difficult translation.

The Book of Chilam Balam of Chumayel is a collection of the traditions and prophecies of the ancient priests of the country. Some of these writings deal with the Series of Katuns, the system of recording dates, and are chronicles of historical events; others contain mysterious riddles and their answers in figurative language, which Señor Bolio considers to be rituals of Initiation. There are also "Creation myths", prophecies and laments over the fallen state of the people and the domination of the Spanish.

We may gather from these texts something of the long occult tradition and the mystery teaching of Central America. Señor Mediz Bolio's comments are illuminating. Indeed, of modern scholars, he shows most comprehension of the deeper significance of the metaphysics and religion of the Mayas. No one interested in them can afford to be without his book.

St. C. La D.

Meister Eckhart, Vol. II, translated by C. de B. Evans; John M. Watkins, 1931; 12*s*. 6*d*. net.

This companion volume to that published by Mr. Watkins in 1924, completes the first English translation of the known works of one of the greatest of Christian mystics. Eckhart

(d. 1327) was condemned by the Inquisition, and his writings put on the Index, so that their survival was due to their surreptitious incorporation, by devoted followers, with the works of others—notably with the sermons of Eckhart's great pupil, Tauler. The effort to distinguish genuine works from those of close followers has taxed scholarship for seventy-five years; and this volume presents several hitherto lost works, recovered in newly analysed manuscript collections.

Eckhart had not only an extraordinary piety and living flame of devotion, but seems to have had an Oriental mind, and Oriental brilliance of exposition. He is perhaps the most quotable of mystics; and his utterances sparkle with profound and memorable sayings. He was steeped in Dionysius the Areopagite and the neo-Platonists, and did more than anyone to reintroduce neo-Platonism into the thought of his day. It was a Pope (Boniface VIII) who gave him the title of *Magister*, or *Meister*, while he was teaching at the University of Paris; and as Provincial of the Dominican Order, he proved himself an able administrator and zealous reformer. He inspired the Beguines and Beghards, as well as that extraordinary group known as "The Friends of God"—Tauler, Nicholas of Basle, and others. Because he preached to the laity in the vernacular (Eckhart was an Alsatian, not a German; he wrote in Alsatian, and his works have to be translated into German), a thing unheard of at that time, and which aroused the greatest popular enthusiasm, the "authorities" became alarmed and he was condemned.

Twenty-three of his "Discourses", or intimate talks to religious or "Friends of God"; fifty-one of his sermons, or sermon notes; and a little "Book of Benedictus", or meditations, comprise this second volume. They are translated with admirable finish, and a quaint charm which must have been caught from the original. Together they serve as a commentary on the Path of Discipleship, by one who was well along on that Path. Quotation from such a man is perhaps the best way to recommend him to QUARTERLY readers. "True spiritual life leads to perfect freedom from self and from all things" (p. 105). "There are many souls who spend a long time fencing with themselves before they gain the upper hand and leave themselves for God" (p. 99). "Alas, alas, if only ye could realize how ye are hindering yourselves and how much of eternal truth ye might understand by dint of application and guarding well the inner man!" (p. 145). "Those who live this life, they verily attain to unity, and to know the truth one has to dwell in unity and be in unity" (p. 105). "Only when the saints are saints and not till then, do they do meritorious works" (p. 97). "The impossibles of the lower nature are the commonplaces of the higher" (p. 65). "Attacks of restlessness are due solely to the personal will" (p. 33). "O Eternal Light of Divine Glory, since thou art in my innermost depths, since thou transcendest all things, be to me *that thou art*, a turning away from all things into the ineffable Good that thou art in thy naked self" (p. 143).

All students owe a debt of gratitude to translator and publisher for making so great a mystic available at long last. Y.

God in Greek Philosophy to the Time of Socrates, by Roy Kenneth Hack, Professor of Classics, University of Cincinnati; Princeton University Press; price, $3.00.

An inordinate amount of nonsense has been written about the Pre-Socratic philosophers. Most historians have merely repeated what Aristotle said about them, although Aristotle misunderstood them as completely as he misunderstood Plato, and at the same time added a full measure of misrepresentation and abuse. Some have tried to rehabilitate these early cosmologists by presenting them as the forerunners of modern science. In any event, they have been lavishly praised and blamed for ideas which almost certainly never entered their heads.

It is fair to say that Professor Hack has written one of the very few sensible books upon his subject. He has approached the study of the Pre-Socratics with the intent of discovering what their ideas meant to them and not to Aristotle or to anybody else. Fortunately his mind is singularly free from the prejudices and preconceptions that determine the intellectual activity of so many modern scholars. "When we discuss the ideas of a man or of a people whose intellectual heirs we are, we naturally and inevitably apply modern labels to

old ways of thinking, and under cover of those labels modern notions steal in and produce an appearance of complication and of irrationality in beliefs which were really as simple and perhaps as reasonable as our own" (pp. 7-8).

He has concluded that the central subject of early Greek thought was the nature of divinity He bases this judgment upon the recorded evidence. Many of the cosmologists, like Pythagoras and Thales, have their place in the history of mathematics and astronomy, but their real interests were metaphysical. They all set forth in various ways to answer one all-embracing question: what is the nature of the "eternal substance" which underlies the ever-changing world of phenomena, thereby harmonizing and unifying the manifold processes of Nature? If one may use the term with caution, Thales and his successors were theologians, in purpose and in spirit. As Professor Hack shows, this is true even of Democritus, who has been misnamed "the father of materialism". Democritus was not a materialist, in any accepted sense of the word. With greater appropriateness, he might be called a Platonist who happened to be born before Plato.

It would seem that Professor Hack has underestimated the importance of the Mysteries as an influence upon Pre-Socratic philosophy. The Mysteries appear to have been more ancient and more widespread than he suggests, and many dark sayings of the cosmologists become luminous when they are interpreted in terms of the Mystery doctrines. It is improbable that, among all these philosophers, only Pythagoras was actually an Initiate of the Mysteries.

Additional light may be cast upon the obscurities of Greek cosmology by comparing its themes with the root-ideas of the older cosmogonies of Egypt and Chaldæa. There is evidence that, in Mycenæan times at least, the connection between Egypt, and the civilizations of Asia Minor and the Ægean, was much closer than has been imagined.

However, Professor Hack's book, just as it stands, is excellent and unique. Every lover of the ancient Hellenic wisdom will acknowledge a debt of gratitude for what he has accomplished. V. S.

The Taproot of Religion and Its Fruitage, by Charles F. Sanders, Professor of Philosophy, Gettysburg College; The Macmillan Company, 1931; price, $2.00.

Practical in tone, with no devotional element, this book is nevertheless written with a ring of conviction which, in many passages, seems obviously the outgrowth of firsthand religious experience, and it ought to answer a need among beginners in the search for truth. Its first claim will meet with the concurrence of QUARTERLY readers: Man has almost forgotten that his major interest is in realizing manhood; intoxicated with respect for material things, absorbed in the question of "What shall I do or what shall I get?" he has lost sight of the more important question, "What shall I become?" The author regards aspiration as just as fundamental in the human being as gravitation is in the physical realm; and religion—not formulæ or ceremonies, but "a life consciously growing toward God"—as the most profound expression of man's real nature.

His long discussion of the relation between religion and science, lacks life and becomes wearisome. One wishes it might have been omitted (together with several laudatory references to the League of Nations and to Gandhi), and the space given to his views on education. That they might be worth while is suggested by various passages. "Several years ago," he writes, "I asked my class in philosophy of religion to answer the question, What does the idea of God mean to me? in the same way they would if the question were about electricity. They were good students, from good homes, and well brought up, but their answers presented a sorry account of our effort to give the rising generation a vital God. I think this must be done if we are to hope for deepening the grip of religion." The study of metaphysics he advocates as an aid in bringing the various elements of modern life and thought into their proper relationship, urging it as a primary requisite for all theological students; and to mysticism he accords, throughout, high value: "If we give the same kind of confidence to mystic apprehension that we give to our sensory apprehension, we will find the same kind of security in the realm of spirit that we have in the realm of physical things."

The concluding chapter is devoted to "the glorious fact that *faith is the master of civilization*," faith being "the most exalted experience of the human soul, the one discipline for which all others exist." Faith, he asserts, is the reaching out of the real man after his destiny; we project ourselves forward and achieve our projections, by our faith making them not only our own but our very selves. With all our boasted knowledge, we live by faith, and the real master of any civilization is the faith which has been made a living reality (presumably the aggregate of the faith, in any given period, which has been put into action). While not always complete or satisfying, the author's thought represents an intuitional turning toward deep underlying truths. The book should afford help to anyone who is trying to "get oriented",—though in reading it one is constantly reminded of the urgent need in the thought of the day for the theosophical distinction between higher and lower manas, and a clear recognition of the vast difference between what man is in his present stage of development and what man is potentially.

J. C.

Sutra Spoken by the Sixth Patriarch, Wei Lang, on the High Seat of the Gem of Law, translated by Mr. Wong, annotated by Dih Ping Tsze; published by Yu Ching Press, Shanghai; price, $1.00.

This translation makes a very valuable addition to our knowledge of Mahayana Buddhism, and of Zen interpretation of the teaching of Bodhidharma, the First Patriarch in China. The Sutra deals with the attainment of Buddhahood, different chapters explaining the nature of Prajna (Wisdom), Samadhi (Contemplation), Dhyana (Meditation), and related subjects. The doctrine set forth is not quite as extreme in some respects—or, in any case, not quite as rarefied—as current presentations of Japanese Zen. Great emphasis is laid on the basic unity of existence—that "there" is never more real than "here". Thus: "The Kingdom of Buddhism is in this world, within which enlightenment is to be sought; to seek enlightenment by separating from this world, is as absurd as to search for rabbit's horn" (an exact quotation, the English, at times, being somewhat quaint). It is made clear, however, that this reversal of Hinayana Doctrine is "for the few".

We regret that the translator, throughout, has used the term "essence of mind" for the Chinese word which he says can be rendered literally, "self nature", and which, in another place, he identifies with Tathata, "Suchness". Granting that "self nature" is the true meaning (the Higher Self, in Theosophical terminology), it is obvious that "essence of mind" conveys a different and misleading idea.

The reviewer wishes that some autocrat would collect all the leading Sinologues, and would keep them on bread and water until they had agreed upon a uniform method of reproducing Chinese sounds in English lettering. For instance, the translator of this Sutra, following "the best authorities", gives the name of the Fifth Chinese Patriarch as Hwang Yan and of the Sixth as Wei Lang. It would not occur to most people that equally good authorities could be so heartless as to prefer Hui to Wei as an English spelling, with the result that the student, hunting for further information about Wei, and unless familiar with the rival methods of these experts, wastes hours of time chasing the non-existent,—finally to discover that Wei is not Wei, but Hui; that Hwang Yan is concealed as Hung-jên, and that Wei Lang, if you really want to know who he was, must be recognized under the disguise of Hui-nêng,—different ways of spelling the same names! And doubtless these scholars would argue to the end of time to prove the other man wrong. . . . It is difficult to discover a department of life in which an autocrat is *not* needed. If he knew his business, he would listen to the experts, watch in hand, and then would silence them for ever. T.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

QUESTION NO. 365.—*Could some simple directions be given for the pronunciation of Sanskrit words? When reading aloud from theosophical books one needs a system of pronunciation that can be followed consistently. Please illustrate, by re-spelling with phonetic marks, the pronunciation of Gîta, chêla, Devachan, Bhagavad, Dhyan.*

ANSWER.—The pronunciation of Sanskrit words written in Roman characters is not difficult if one follows a few simple rules. The vowels a, i, and u are long or short. Long a (ā) has the sound of *a* in far; short a that of final *a* in America or of *u* in cut. Long i (ī) sounds like *i* in police; short i like *i* in hit. Long u (ū) is pronounced like *u* in rude or *oo* in boot; short u like *u* in full. The other vowels and diphthongs have but one sound; e like *a* in cake, o like *o* in so, ai like *ai* in aisle or *i* in hide, au like *ou* in house. The consonants are pronounced for the most part as in English, except that g is always hard as in get; ñ (often incorrectly written as plain n without the diacritical mark) has the palatal sound of *ny* in canyon; v, when immediately following another consonant, is pronounced like *w*. When a consonant is followed by h, it keeps its own sound followed by the aspirate. Thus ph is never sounded like ph in sulphur, but like p + h in top-hat; th is not heard as th in thing, but as t + h in hothouse; b + h as in abhor; ch + h as in catch hold; g + h as in log house; j + h like hedgehog; k + h as in black hat; d + h as in woodhouse. Ch and sh are exceptions to this rule, being sounded as ch in church and sh in shop respectively. Karma and kāma should be carefully distinguished. The Sanskrit pronunciation of karma is kurma (*u* as in cur, *a* as final *a* in America); in kāma the first a sounds as *a* in far, the second as final *a* in America. Karma is, however, usually pronounced in English with the first a like *a* in far. When this is done care should be taken to trill the *r*. If the above rules are observed the words mentioned by the querent will be correctly pronounced. Devachan is not a Sanskrit word. It is pronounced as if spelled day-vah-kahn'. The word gnana, or gnyana, is sometimes met in Theosophical writings; it is usually written jñana and always pronounced jnyah'na.

Following is the pronunciation of the words mentioned by the querent, and some others in common use. Remember that *a* when unmarked is short and has the indefinite sound of final *a* in America. Dhyān (d-hyahn). Chêla (chay'la). Bhagavad (bhag'-a-vad—the three vowels are short and have the sound of *u* in cut). Gīta (gee'ta). Upanishad (oo-punish-ud'). Manas (mun'us). Samādhi (sum-ahd'hi—short *i* as in fill). Rājas (rah'jus). Sattva (sut'twa). Tamas (tum'us). Shiva (shiv'a). Jīva (jee'va). Ātma (aht'mah). Dharma (dhur'ma). Bodhi (bo'dhi—short *i*). Sambhoga (sum-bho'ga). Several of these and other Sanskrit words occur so often in Theosophical literature that they have become anglicized in pronunciation. Thus manas is usually and allowably pronounced as if it were a native English word; and so is Upanishad, except that the initial *u* should be sounded as *oo* in boot and not as *yu*.

The accent falls on the last syllable which contains a long vowel, whether this be final, penultimate, antepenultimate, or fourth from the end. The long vowels should be indicated by the sign - or ^, for if the transliterator neglects to mark them, the reader is left in the dark as regards both pronunciation and accent.

S.

QUESTION NO. 366.—*Where can one find English equivalents for the Eastern terms commonly used, similar to the short list on page 118 of the Key to Theosophy?*

ANSWER.—In *The Theosophical Glossary* we get many English equivalents of Eastern terms, and where the actual English equivalent is lacking, a description of what the Eastern term means, is given. There are short lists of some of the terms in such books as *The Ocean of Theosophy*, *Esoteric Buddhism* and others, but the most satisfactory way to increase our understanding is to create, as it were, our own vocabulary by *reading*. There is, for instance, no exact English equivalent for the word Karma, but if we read Chapter XI of *The Ocean of Theosophy*, we shall have much more than a synonym in another language; we shall have acquired a very good idea of what Karma itself actually represents. Or, to take another case, we may discover that chêla means "child", and that the word disciple is often used in the place of the word chêla, but this bare fact will not help us to grasp the deeper meaning of discipleship itself. Were we, for instance, really to study *Letters That Have Helped Me*, Volume I, page 64, *seq.*, we should have some idea of what chêlaship involves. Any student of Theosophy will find his studies greatly enhanced if he follow this method of forming his own vocabulary by serious study, and he will be more than repaid for the time and effort which he gives.

T. A.

ANSWER.—*The Theosophical Glossary* defines most of the words from the Sanskrit, Tibetan, and other Eastern languages that one is likely to encounter in reading books on Theosophical subjects. Other sources are the glossary at the end of *Five Years of Theosophy* and the many explanatory notes in *The Voice of the Silence.* S.

QUESTION NO. 367.—*The quality of Rajas is said to cause action: is this only such action as arises from desire, or does Rajas also cause growth, circulation, assimilation, and so forth?*

ANSWER.—Turn in whatever direction we will, we find that universal progress presupposes the use of Rajas, the quality of activity "representing form and change", overpowering the inertia of Tamas, the lowest of the three Gunas or powers of nature. The germ of life in the flower seed, if it is to achieve its place in the scheme of evolution, must push rootlets down, against the resistance of the earth, to find moisture and to draw the moisture, with its content of minerals and other food substances, up into the plant: likewise the plant must push itself up if it is to develop stem, and after that, leaves in which the mysterious chlorophyll bodies, under the influence of the sun, may turn the food substances, obtained from the root-sources and from the atmosphere, into nourishment assimilable by the plant, and thus promote growth and ultimately develop to the stage at which it unfolds into the splendour of perfected plant and flower. Likewise, psychically, it is desire, Rajas, the quality of activity and ambition, that causes man to push against his own sloth, inertia, laziness, Tamas, to find a place for himself in the sun. Since man is a fully developed Lower Quaternary, and the seat of his consciousness is therefore largely psychic or Kama-Manasic, it is in this connection that we usually think of Rajas, and so think of it primarily as desire. But Rajas is essential, too, for spiritual growth; for spiritual circulation and assimilation. It is the quality which has driven man's roots down into material life. It is also the quality which, in turn, when the Rajas of ambition becomes the Rajas of aspiration, will push him upward to the Light; so that he, drawing up the Kamic waters of desire, may derive from them, as well as from the atmosphere of heavenly sources, substance which the Eternal Sunlight of the Masters' consciousness can alchemize into spiritual substance to build the temple of his inner God.

G. M. W. K.

ANSWER.—Rajas is one of the three "Gunas", or divisions of Nature, or "inherent qualities of differentiated matter" (*Theosophical Glossary*). Rajas is the attribute or quality of activity, as distinguished from Tamas (darkness, indifference, stagnation, decay).

The Ocean of Theosophy states that the fourth or middle principle—Kama—is "the basis

of action and the mover of the will", and that "we cannot rise unless self first asserts itself in the desire to do better. In this aspect it is called Rajas, or the active quality". G. H. M.

ANSWER.—The wording of the question seems to imply that "growth, circulation, assimilation, and so forth", are *not* the result of desire, while, in fact, they are.

"Desire first arose in That which was the primal germ of mind." Manifestation itself was the result of desire. Spiritual desire is an aspect of Buddhi; personal desire is an aspect of Kama; Kama is a reflection of Buddhi. Rajas is a manifestation of Buddhi,—on the four lower planes of existence. Kama is "focussed" Rajas, that is to say, Kama is Rajas, expressing itself as one of the "principles" of animal life. But all motion on any plane is the result of desire. What are attraction and repulsion if not two modes of desire? H.

NOTICE

The regular meetings of the New York Branch of The Theosophical Society are held on alternate Saturday evenings, at 64 Washington Mews, which runs from the east side of Fifth Avenue, midway between 8th Street and Washington Square, North. No. 64 is the first studio east of Fifth Avenue, on the north side of the Mews. The meetings begin at half-past eight, and close at ten o'clock.

During the present Quarter, there will be meetings on,—

January 9th and 23rd
February 6th and 20th
March 5th and 19th

Out-of-town members of the Society are invited to attend these meetings whenever they are in New York. Visitors who may be interested in Theosophy are always welcome.